

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N^o. 445.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1867.

[PRICE 2d.]

THE DEAR GIRL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BELLA DONNA," "NEVER FORGOTTEN," &c.

CHAPTER VI. MR. BLACKER'S WALK.

THEY had bright mornings at the Dieppe colony, and bright as one of these we can see the "trustee of the English chapel," Mr. Blacker, striding, smiling thoughtfully to the painful stones, as if he were saying, "Very good, now—uncommon good, that of Sir Thomas." He had his head in the air, looking from side to side with importance and challenge. He was busy. Indeed, he was always busy. "They put dreadful work on me for the little ec-moluments of the place." Still, he would not have given it up for the world, and he delighted in saluting, not with obsequiousness but with a prompt confidence, the new arrivals in his old formula: "I am Mr. Blacker, the oldest resident here. I made it a point to come and call." The little maid of the lodgings would come tripping up with the news of M. Blackaire, the unmelodious sound of creaking would follow, and his long person, half stooped, would come upon the strangers. This was the operation of "finding out about these people." He examined them on their connexions, friends, and circumstances. If these are satisfactory; "Oh, my dear madam, we must get you along here. They will be very glad to see you in society. They are difficile, as the people here call it, and it requires nicety. But leave it to me, and I am sure it can be done." The strangers—young ladies, perhaps—are in fluttering delight, having come to a place where they did not "know a soul," and now see a whole vision of social delights opening.

"Oh, sir, how kind of you."

"Not at all, my dear lady. We must help one another down here, smooth the pillow, and sweeten the path. We'll begin by degrees; get half a dozen of the regular stagers—our best, you know—to call. I'll manage that. Once they take you up, it's all right."

This was in the case of "most desirable addition to society." But there were others who came for vulgar economies, and Mr. Blacker, looking round the rather mean apartment with a little alarm and unpleasantness, would stay only a short while, and be dispiriting in his

conversation. It was very hard, next to impossible, to get into Dieppe society. "You see, my good lady, questions are asked, and difficulties are made, and Mrs. Dalrymple says she won't call upon any stranger *too* soon; but you'll do very fairly, by-and-by, you know." Then going home, he tells Mrs. Blacker they are "poor sort of creatures."

We see him on this bright morning posting along with a complimentary smile, looking to the right and left, sometimes speaking to himself. He was walking very fast, for he had great business on hand. The small streets through which he passed glittered like the little spar boxes they sold in the shops, and these tiny shops with the gay toys they displayed in abundance, with the scanty show of useful necessities, such as a stray silk or two in a mercer's window, and the half-dozen hats which seemed the latter's whole stock in trade, looked all on the smallest conceivable scale. Mr. Blacker, old resident as he was, had the deepest contempt for the place. "My dear sir, take the poorest English country town we have, it would buy and sell these creatures ten times over. Take one of our butchers' shops, with our noble beef flabbing about in enormous masses—well, I go into Schneider's there, corner of Roo Royle, and I see a couple of fellows cutting and picking and slicing at a few little wedges of meat." He had now got to a shop in "Great-street"—no word was hurled so much through the air as "the Grawn-roo"—over a milliner's, nice and clean looking. But in the colony, as with the mind, it was only the interior merits that were regarded. We came to a dirty stable, with a butcher's shambles at one side, and passed through a dark smelling door, and so went up-stairs to see my Lady Colley.

Mr. Blacker passed through the milliner's shop with a lofty manner, saying, "Up-stairs—Ong ho?" He was going to see Mrs. Dalrymple and her daughters—a widow lady of good family, who, though she found it convenient to reside at the colony, was not reduced, had the art of making herself respected; and if she saved at all, it was with the view of keeping up her station, by giving little entertainments. She gave a tone to the place. Mr. Blacker, who was good natured where greater people did not interfere, and where there were no fashionable sick calls, as his visits might be styled, had a sort

of liking and respect for these ladies. He was fond of dining, or coming of an evening to have a rubber, and still fonder of a glass of good English sherry, which that lady used to have. The daughters, three in number, were nice, pleasant, and good.

"How are you to-day, ma'am?" he said, wiping his forehead. "Just come in on my rounds, you see."

"Tell us *all* the news, Mr. Blacker," said the youngest.

"See here," said Mr. Blacker, confidentially, but not answering, and coming close to the widow lady, "I want you to do something. I have just been with the Guernsey Beauforts, the nicest, most charming people I *ever* met. They came by the boat. He was a colonel in the army, a tall, haan'some jain-tle-man'y man." Mr. Blacker, in fits of deep admiration, used to dwell on his words thus: "She is a real lady, and sweet daughters. One is Victoria, called after our future queen."

"But now, Mr. Blacker," says Mrs. Dalrymple, gravely, "how do you know about them?"

"Oh, there are signs, marks, and tokens. As to manner and an air, there's no mistaking. They're at Pouillac's, ma'am. I took them there myself. Seventy-five francs a week the rascal asked them, though I winked at him. Ma'am, he saw what they were as well as I did. 'But,' says Mr. Beaufort, laying down the first fortnight in advance, 'they told me, Mr. Blacker,' says he, 'that this Dieppe was such an extravagant place.'"

"I suppose," said the widow, "you would like us to call on them?"

"Now see," he added, with fresh confidence, "I am just going round to a few at first. Do the thing quietly and gently. It wouldn't do at all to open the flood-gates, and let in the whole canaille on them. Oh, I assure you they are aile-egant people; quiet to a degree; and speak, you know, in the old, quiet, assured way; not like the creatures that brag, and swagger, and have nothing, you know. I am going back at two o'clock," said Mr. Blacker, rising, "for lunch, and then to take him and her round to the shops to order things. If you only heard the nice modest way they asked me; for Pouillac's would never do, they say. They want furniture of their own. And I—er—told of you, and—er—she said you were the sort of people they would so like to know. And see here, I'll tell you what you'll do, young ladies."

"What, Mr. Blacker? Tell us, do."

"Get mamma to give us a rubber some night—a quiet, nice thing; will talk over the people; and, ma'am, I'll manage the Beauforts. They said they won't go out for a long time, but, I dare say—in fact, I'll go security that you can have them."

"But," said Mrs. Dalrymple, at last called up into something like excitement, "we could only have a little cards, and, perhaps, a song and lemonade—"

Mr. Blacker smiled, and waved her off.

"Now, now, see that. The ve-ry thing which they like. All in good time. I tell you what, I'll just drop in myself to-night for a snug game, and report progress." And Mr. Blacker went his way, leaving the sober but cheerful ladies in not a little excitement.

He goes off on other missionary duty. This busy gentleman firmly believed that these were duties of a sacred calling; and, in carrying them out, he was overworked, underpaid, "badly treated." He might be pardoned for this curious delusion; for, to say the truth, beyond the Sunday's more showy routine, the Dieppe congregation were not notorious for piety.

As we go his way, and with him look up to this window and that, we might wish for some convenient Asmodeus who would open the front on a hinge, baby-house fashion, and have a glimpse of the queer people, the queer crooked sticks, that have been flung across the Straits, and the queerer shifts going on there.

Here, in this narrow house, like a thin wiry man, lives DOCTOR MACAN—one of the English doctors, but from Ireland—with a wife who brings from Erin the almost too genial fertility of that land; for the doctor was struggling, as he himself once remarked pathetically, against no less than eight children. The last child came about two years ago; but, as he added, "there was no knowing the moment when Mrs. Macan might take it into her head to begin again." That was a sufficient grievance; but a worse one was WHITE, the new English doctor, who had lately come to settle—a single man, of easy address and pleasant manners. "Really a most amusing creature," some ladies said. He could be gallant, too, and there were some of the younger girls not displeased to be rallied on the single doctor's attentions. In a dearth of beaux, many inferior articles rise in value, just as political economists tell us the price of second-class land governs the amount of rent. In that little hotbed of scandal and malignant whispering, the new doctor did not asperse his rival. He would merely say Doctor Macan was very good and very sound in his way; but, naturally, newer things had come out since Doctor Macan had been at home, and he could not be expected to be up to the present state of science. I am sorry to say that Doctor Macan did not reciprocate this handsome tone on the part of his rival—enemy, rather, as he considered; his language was not as regulated as it should have been. "An infernal stuck-up scheming puppy, with as much knowledge of physic as was in his—Doctor Macan's—little finger. A mere charlatan, sir, with his soft-sawder manner. Wait. We'll hear of something one of these fine mornings." But the only thing we did hear was that Doctor White was every day doing better and better. "Eating into my practice," said Doctor Macan; and, alas! eating into the clothes and meat of Fanny, and Jacky, and Paddy, and a little girl called "Dulia." Worst of all, it did seem as though Mrs. Macan were really making up her mind

to begin again. Poor Doctor Macan! Of course Mr. Blacker went with the new doctor. Had not Lady McCallum sent for him in the vapours, and spoken of him languidly as very painstaking and clever? "Poor Macan!" Mr. Blacker would say, "he was very well in his day; but the man is literally overrun with children"—as if *this* were a glaring deficiency in medical knowledge. As nothing succeeds like success, so nothing fails like failure; and people began to fancy, from his practice falling off, that there was a decay also in his skill.

Going along with the clergyman, we can see him look up at another window, and we know that there lives "M. Pequinot," the French doctor—"a poor sort of three-franc fellow," who, indeed, Mr. Blacker gives out, will take anything that you have handy—a crust of bread, half a bottle of wine. This slander, when repeated to both the English doctors, was all but encouraged, and Doctor Macan said "he wouldn't put it past him." They wouldn't "meet him in consultation;" and just as the English clergyman contrived to make dissenters of the mere local clergy, so the foreign doctors quite degraded the native faculty into poor intruders and charlatans. Wonderful English! and, best of all gifts, their admirable self-confidence and belief that *they* are the best men everywhere. It is worth gold, silver, and precious stones, because it brings them all these.

More Asmodean peeps—the Place with the good apartments, where the Wests lived, and at whom the clergyman mentally pulled a face. Gilbert West never paid homage to Mr. Blacker, could not conceal a certain impatience in his presence, and in his absence spoke of him with freedom. "This sort degrades us before foreign nations." With much more to the same effect.

Now, at the corner, Mr. Blacker sees coming out of a house a clergyman of another denomination—a tall figure, dressed pretty much like himself, only with a swarthy Spanish tint in the face, and glossy black hair curling up at the back of his neck.

"Good evening, Mussier Pigou," he said to him as he would to a rather "slow" dissenting clergyman at home. (This was the invariable genteel English pronunciation of that day, not the vulgar *mounseer*. The foreigners accepted it with grave respect, and were regularly "mussiered.") "Evening, Pigou," repeated he, with a curt wave of his arm. "Where do *you* come from now?"

M. Pigou knew English tolerably (he was a Strasburgian, not a pure Frenchman); but, indeed, most of the French there were obliged to apply themselves to our tongue.

M. Pigou was the pasteur of the place, a handsome man, with no congregation to speak of. Mr. Blacker always addressed him with respect. There was a history about him, but here, every one had a queer history. The only difference was in the degree of queerness. "Mussier Pigou," so handsome, so Velasquez-looking, so sad, so misunderstood, so dreamy at times, and

so agreeable and vivacious when he chose, was living apart from his wife, with whom, alas! he found it impossible to be vivacious, or dreamy, or sentimental, or even handsome. It was understood that she was a poor, sensible, matter-of-fact creature, without a faculty beyond clothes and dinner, and looking after their three children who lived with her now at Rouen. The pastor often was induced to tell his sad story to the young ladies, and excited the deepest interest. He had always a little tenderness of some kind on hand, or several, running as it were, together; and it must not be imagined that there was anything incorrect in the young virgins of the place, who rallied each other, and were jealous of the attentions of this gentleman. The tone of the place was so odd, and gossip—i.e. scandal—so rife, that it was impossible for the most strict, not to fall in with it, and be effleuré to a certain degree, but no further; and thus, reversing the common maxim, Virtue, paying this little homage to Vice, was allowed to go its own way and live in tranquillity. To the Dalrymple family Pigou was specially devoted. The three girls were all handsome and interesting, with a certain spiritual air and speech which made them yet more attractive. They were Catholics, but, in this community, religion never entered a moment into consideration, virtue again paying this trifling tax to her enemy. The pastor, sitting on a low chair, with his eyes fixed on Madeleine, the eldest, used to sometimes talk "beautifully," sometimes, on a sort of general and half-amatory principle, saying, "I often wish we had some of your religion. I should like people coming to lay open their hearts to me; I should like to lay open mine. If Madeleine came to me—" Then good Mrs. Dalrymple, greatly pleased, would enlarge on the subject, hoping to sow the good seed, not thinking that this was all the mere *theatricals* of conversation, and that the pastor was, if anything, known to be bigoted.

"With his languishing eyes and his voice," said the captain very often, "do you know, the fellow reminds me of the man that wrote all that about the Grisette and the starling. What's his name? Sterne! Sterne! that's the fellow. He's so like Sterne."

What elements, we say again, dramatic enough to make a hundred French plays! for not much is wanted to make an English one. What decayed leading ladies, what battered sou-less jeunes premiers!

Mr. Blacker passed a hundred little garrets high up in the air, where these unhappy exiles were burrowing, struggling through life somehow; now making jubilee on the arrival of a few pieces from the Happy Land, and coming forth as gay and in the best they could muster, as Mr. Wilson or Mr. Rupert Smith, and talking boastfully of "getting back to England—next month or so"—an important qualification. They were received without question or inquiry, until the time of want came on, and they had to burrow back again. So with the decayed

families struggling desperately, and fighting on—on a crust. The De Courcys, the Fitzmaurice Cravens, the Percy Grosvenors, the Langham Ryders, and many more, who entered gloriously, with sails and colours flying, and gradually sank into poor dirty condemned colliers. But still the tone of the public was generous, or rather, there was a secret understanding in the interest of all, that no one should be put on trial, no unworthy inquisition set on foot (always provided that nothing herein contained should be to the prejudice of scandal and gossip), or the result used in evidence against them. Once a fair appearance was made, society was satisfied. Hence came the value of that gathering at the Port; hence every nerve was strained to put in an appearance there, and hold your own on the Prado. Alas! the privations, the sore but genteel want, the pauperism, the desperate shifts, the mean resources of this colony, if all collected, would fill up one of the bitterest cups or caldrons known upon earth. Yet it was not the fault of the natives. They were enduring, kindly, self-denying, hoping against hope, and absurdly trustful. Where they found a true gentleman and family reduced and suffering, they were polite, and generous, and forbearing. And though rueful, would accept excuses for deferred payment cheerfully again and again. Generations of shabby swindling English succeeding each other overtaxed their patience, and have made them what they are now, suspicious, greedy, and merciless.

Mr. Blacker, having gone his rounds, looked in here, and had a word: "My dear ma'am—such an addition—charming people—the nicest—highly connected. Maxwell, my good friend, just go and leave your card—the nicest people—just come. I want to get a few—you know—just to help them on at first." Then he finished at the consul's office, pushing his way through people who were ordering wine, asking information, and bursting with complaints. "Here, Dick, a word with you a moment; a very important matter. Just step in with me." Then confidentially: "See here, Dick, some first-rate people just come; and we must help them along in every way. Really good people. Let Mrs. Dick call early; they'll like it, I have reason to know." Having got through a deal of "work" in the morning, Blacker went back to his new friends. They were really high-bred-looking people, according to the Dieppe standard—Mr. Beaufort particularly, and his brother, Ernest Beaufort, both very tall and officer-looking. Ernest showed the deepest contempt for the place, walking about with speed, contempt on his face, and loudly expressing his disgust—behaviour which at once made him an object of interest to the colony, and showed them that he really belonged to high life. The Misses Beaufort were tall flashy girls, and their mamma was presently to be pronounced the perfection of lady-like elegance.

CHAPTER VII. A PROPOSAL.

MR. GILBERT WEST, with a face at least a year younger in its expression than it was the night before, was in his apartments about two o'clock on the same day, reading an English newspaper with some distraction, for his mind was travelling away to other things more delightful. There was an under-current of complacency, because he now felt that his judgment had not been at fault. Suddenly Mr. Dacres, "Dacres the Delightful," as some admirers called him, came in, with his cheerful face composed almost to an expression of sorrow. He held his hand out: "My dear West, I have come to you to speak about last night. I can't say how grieved I am. The fact is, I am worried, harassed, hunted from post to pillar, and heart-sick and weary. My dear West, say you won't give it a thought; say you have forgotten."

"To be sure," said Mr. West; "it all passed from my mind in a second. I knew it was only the forgetfulness of the moment."

"Generous, generous always. Not a speck stains the pure glass. As my Lulu said to me, 'Mr. West, papa, is too noble not to dismiss it from his mind.' God help me, West, but I am in a miserable way."

The other looked grave. He knew this exordium pretty well.

"Such a time as I had of it over there. They don't know. I wouldn't they did for worlds. No, let me suffer; but keep it from them, West, my poor darlings at home. Most of this time, when they thought I was amusing myself, canvassing for parliament, and all that; where do you suppose I was—in the horrors of a jail?"

This was true, and a very cheerful fortnight Mr. Dacres had spent in the Whitecross Prison of that day.

"It is very unfortunate," said Mr. West, gravely; "but I really don't know what to say. I have so often given advice, and—"

"You have, you have," said the other, "and it is none of your fault. Only all I am anxious for is to keep this from my own darlings at home. I have no spirits to carry it off. Would to Heaven I had! Yet, what must I appear to them? There's the thing. Poor little Lulu; what a home for her! She's not happy, West. Do you know, I remark a change in her since I have been away—marks as if a struggle were going on in her—a restless manner, a distrait look."

Mr. West had said many times over that he knew the character of Mr. Dacres in all its depths; that he was never taken in a moment by his sham bonhomie or maudlin warmth. Yet, at this moment, he was all interest and belief. Mr. Dacres saw it too. He looked round mysteriously.

"Shall I tell you what I suspect—what I know? Would I be thus frank with any other man but yourself, West? Would I taint her pure name by dragging it into such a humiliating confession? But it is in her interest, and I don't care what construction any man may put on it. You know my heart. Come here, West. I found it out before I was two hours in the house. I know her secret."

"Good Heavens!" said Mr. West, really agitated, "what do you mean?"

"What do I mean? I mean that I am glad and proud to know it; more glad than if I had one of their fifty thousand-franc pieces in my hand this moment. My dear West, do you suppose a man like me, that has knocked about browbeaten witnesses, and been browbeat myself by infernal tyrants or judges—that have been playing 'catch you, catch me,' with duns all my life—do you suppose I haven't learnt the use of my eyes yet? Ah, West, my dear fellow! I assure you, when I found it out, it sent a film of joy into this battered heart of mine."

"But," said Mr. West, now really agitated, "I must ask you to speak out—to be more clear. I may have an idea, but——"

"My dear, kind, old friend," said Mr. Dacres, rising to take his hand, "she loves you; my Lulu loves you with the whole of her fresh young heart; and I vow," he added, suddenly turning jocose, "I could just strike up 'Tol de lol lol,' like the old fathers in the play, I am so glad of it!"

Mr. West was now collected and cold. "I should be delighted if it were so," he said; "but I may ask, how do you know—how are you sure?"

"My dear fellow, we are both men of the world—at least *you* are. I have picked up something in my day—but no matter. What I have told you I *know*. I assure you I have thought the thing over often the long nights when they had me in that *quod* of a place over there. And when I considered what *was* to become of them if I was removed in any other way, it used to drive me mad almost. Then I used to pray some good, sensible, practical, matured man would be raised up, that my little Lulu could lean on; not a whipper-snapper who would neglect her, perhaps, or use her ill; but a *man*, young, too, but past folly. I don't care about myself. I am weary of the whole thing. But it would be a comfort to me to know she was being taken care of."

"Most true and a most just feeling," said the other, hurriedly; "but one thing I should like to know. On what is all this founded? For there should be something more——"

"Well, I'll tell you; and I don't care about the shame of it. But candour is my maxim. I know what you'll say—unfair, shabby, and all that. So it was. But I couldn't help it. I had a struggle for it. But I am a weak, helpless creature when it comes to that. Well, West, see here. This is the poor little thing's diary——"

"Oh!" said Mr. West, starting back; "you couldn't bring yourself to pry into *that*——"

"I knew he'd take it this way," said Mr. Dacres, sadly. "I am a wretched fellow, I know. But here it is for you in her own black and white: 'I am fighting against the influence'—the creature. 'He controls me with a look'——"

"I cannot," said Mr. West, walking about in great agitation. "You must not try me in this way. It was very wrong. It is not fair to her."

"No more it is," said Mr. Dacres, gazing at

the book with a sort of stupid ruefulness; "no more it is. See here again: 'I was rude to him, because I dare not trust myself.' Well, all I say is, take what view you like of it, West. I know it's all for you, and that's what I've to say. I couldn't see her wasting before my eyes and not interfere, even in my own awkward way. I mean well. But there's the truth for you; and whatever way you take it, my dear fellow, it will be all one to the poor devil now addressing you, who hasn't a napoleon at this moment he can call his own."

That impoverished condition of things did not last more than five minutes, when a happier train of thought set in.

"You are a good angel, a generous friend indeed; and I'll never forget your kindness."

"Don't mention it," said Mr. West, hastily; "but I hardly know what to say or to do. All I beg of you is, do nothing more in the matter—for a time, at least. I would not for the world there should be interference with her."

"Take time—that's just what I want. Not a blessed word shall pass my lips, you may depend. But come up as usual; mind, we'll look out for you. Come to-day at four, and talk to them, for I am not in spirits."

When Dacres had gone, West, as it were, resolved himself into a council. Gauging, as he did to the utmost nicety, the height and depth, the habitual exaggeration, of Mr. Dacres, he felt, by comparison of other things with the letter of the night before, that what he had described must be true. Applying the same test—her looks, her strange embarrassments, her wilfulness, and impatience—considering these as he would a legal case sent to him for advice and opinion, he could not but feel that he had some warrant for his wishes. But when he came to picture her in that dismal home, with that father who, barely tolerable now in his strange fluctuations of good humour and maudlin depression, would with years grow worse, and turn their house into an abode of tipsy squalor and disorder—the most miserable surrounding in the world for a young creature. Then those odious words of his sister—"at your time of life," and "double her age"—came back on him with a sort of chill; but again he brought his quiet legal examination to bear, putting the most strength against himself. After all, he surprised himself saying "Forty-two is not an old man."

Mr. Dacres went home with alacrity, merely pausing on his way to have a little sup of the cherry B, the only thing, as he said, that could put heart into a poor persecuted creature like himself. But he was now in spirits.

"By Jove!" he said, "I think I hit the jury hard there. That touch about the diary would have carried the case; it was risky, Dacres, my lad, but beautifully done—exquisitely neat. Here's the use of knowing human nature. I knew he'd be too high-toned, too delicate, to look at my Loo's scribbling. So far, so good. But I have the real pinch before me now."

What the real pinch was we shall see shortly.

He went home whistling and singing,

"There's a light in her eye

That mirrors the sky,

And she is the loveliest girl of them all"—

an amatory song, which he gave with great feeling and rollicking affection at the bar dinners. Strange to say, no one ever reckoned on strains of a comic sort from the capital boon companion; and it does somehow seem appropriate that creatures like the delightful barrister should contribute strains rather of sentiment.

CHAPTER VIII. "POOR PAPA."

Miss LULU was in their little but bright drawing-room, which by her long residence had gained all its brightness and daintiness. She was looking after her flowers, trimming up, giving a touch here, a touch there, when her parent came in. "Oh, papa," she cried, "how happy I am! so delighted to have you here again; and we'll take our first walk together down to the port to-day. Shan't we, papa?"

Mr. Dacres, who had with difficulty checked himself from bursting into the most cheerful troll about

The light in her eye
That mirrors the sky,

as he came up-stairs, now became intensely suddenly gloomy and desponding.

"My poor Lulu, I have been thinking of you all day: taking you about with me On my lonely round—my lonely round."

Another of the songs was near intruding—the ever-popular "All's well." Lucy laid down her sewing hastily, and ran to kiss him. She became conscious of very recent "cherry B," but it did not for a moment weaken her faith in his grief.

"Well, dear," he went on, "you love poor old papsey, don't you, in spite of all his shortcomings, which are enough, Heaven knows?"

"My dear old Harco, I shall always be your little Lulu, no matter what you are, no matter what little troubles come. You must make up your mind to have me always with you."

"No, dear, no," he said, hastily. "Oh, not for the world, my child. That's what's been in my mind all this long time away in England, when you and your poor mamma thought, naturally, I was amusing myself getting made into an M.P., and all that. I didn't like to distress your poor little heart last night, by talking of my own selfish troubles; but I assure you I was busy with a very different set of electors. Ah! it's weary, weary work."

Lucy understood perfectly, and stood looking at him with the deepest grief and mortification.

"The worst, my child, yes, the worst your little heart can conjure up. Only nothing to mamma about it. Hush! Nothing to poor mamma. I'll get used to it in time, I dare say. It's only a little humiliating at first. But I believe it can be managed privately and delicately. Oh dear, yes! And in the end you come rather to like it."

She was listening as if something was piercing

her slowly, her eyes distending, her chest heaving.

"Indeed, my poor child," he went on, "I never thought it would have come to that; never indeed. I suppose their unclean touch will cleave to me for many a long day; and I suppose more of it's before me. So I had best accustom myself in time. People think, because I keep up a show of fun and jollity, that Harcourt Dacres is case-hardened; but the iron has now entered my soul—the iron has entered my soul." He seemed to dwell with satisfaction on the intrusion of this foreign body, and repeated the phrase over several times. But what he hinted at completely overwhelmed his daughter. She remained gazing at him with such a look of hopeless misery, that he was distressed.

"And what's to become of the poor hunted papa," he went on, "I'm sure I can't say. Once this has set in, I'm sure it'll go on. Once 'he ice is broken, you know, pet— Well, I'll tell you what was coming home to me all that time. I was thinking what was to become of my poor little Lulu. Was I to have you sinking—sinking before my eyes, with a shabby struggling going on, and a mouldiness spreading over you? Would to Heaven, I'd say to myself, I could see her well married to a sound, faithful, sensible, well-to-do man, and then she'd be saved from all this profanation, as I call it, and perhaps save her poor broken father too. Give him a start like a gentleman. My goodness, Lulu," he went on, rising suddenly, and walking about, "that is only what I want—a start—a start. All these men say to me—great swells, too—'Dacres, my boy, if you had your arms free, you'd have the game in your hands.' There it is. I know I have. I don't want those fools to tell me so. Which of them can touch me at a speech, I'd like to know? Not a man of 'em could humbug a jury as I can. Why, I'd go ahead like a comet with a fiery tail, and have them all staring after me, and saying 'Who the devil's that fellow?' But the next thing is, where's the start to come from? Instead of that, it will get worse and worse, and every day worse and worse decay."

That word seemed to make her shrink again. What he had said about "unclean touch" came on her like a weight. Answering her own thoughts more than him, she said, hurriedly:

"Let us escape from that. Oh yes, at all risks. I would do anything in the world—"

"Tell me now, dear," said he, suddenly, "do you like him—our friend, that—"

"Mr. West?" she said.

"That's it!" said he, "that is what I have set my old broken heart on. *There's* a man, sensible, clever, wise, that any girl in the United Kingdom might be proud to get. That's what would be the making of you, and of us all; that's what would rejoice papa's poor hunted heart! Then *adieu* to the persecutions, and we'd all live happily together for ever and ever after, without a care," in *secula seculorum*!"

"Ah! papa," said she hastily, "I would

do anything to save us from that thing you spoke of—”

“Hush!” said her father; “never go back to that, my dear; we’ve done with it, *I hope*. But he loves you. A heart of steel—true to the very core—any girl might be proud to win him. Just the right age too—little over thirty. Why, I wouldn’t see you joined to one of those schoolboy whipper-snappers; no, I’d sooner have you single all your life. But you know it—you’ve found it out long ago. Don’t tell me; only half an hour ago he came to me with his little story, and I felt for him, I did, Lulu. You know he seemed to feel sore: he’s as tender and delicate an organisation as a child.”

“I didn’t mean to say anything to hurt him; no, indeed,” said she, eagerly. “He is the last person in the world I would like to wound. I wrote to him to say so.”

Mr. Dacres’s eyes twinkled. “Ah, *that* was what brought him to it. I see now; I was wondering—”

“And, papa,” she said, thoughtfully, “and he really made you this proposal to-day?”

“Solemnly and seriously, he did.”

“I like him,” she went on in some agitation, “and always did, and admire him, too—his great gifts, his talents, his honour; but—”

“But what, my dear? I know now what’s passing in that little mind of yours; you never let this next or nigh you? Eh? You’d have gone on without thinking more of it? Eh? You don’t feel that burning affection—the lying awake at nights? Why, that’s all gone out now, *that’s* only in the novels and foolish school-girls’ heads! As for waiting for a beautiful man to rise out of the earth and perform prodigies, and full of lovely sentiment and a low voice, *that*, my dear, is a luxury only for the rich and comfortable; we’re not entitled to that.”

“No, papa,” she said, with a little vehemence. “I am no fool of that sort, thank Heaven! But this is so strange—so odd—”

“Strange! nonsense! Why, haven’t I seen it over and over again. Wasn’t there little Wilson, on the circuit, a man of a good sound fifty years, if he was a day; but as clever and sweet a minded fellow as ever held a brief. Well, when he met a pretty little girl, who would have died outright if she had not married him, no one was in the least surprised. There was Rogers, fifty-six if he was an hour; he and his wife, a child of twenty or a little over. I could tell you loads of instances; and take it at the worst, my dear, is it such a punishment for a set of paupers like us? for we are that, Heaven knows. And not one that’s gone through what I have.”

She answered him quickly:

“Yes, yes, papa; anything but that. I am sure I could be happy with him; he is so kind, and noble, and generous; and I promise you I will try my best to do what you say. It is the best and only course—I am *sure* of it; and I shall begin to understand it all soon.”

Mr. Dacres, quite overcome at this unex-

pected adhesion, folded her in his arms and clasped her to his breast.

“You are a good-natured, sensible child,” he said, “and I am proud of you indeed. There is not one girl in a hundred—ay, in a hundred thousand—would have the tact to do as you have done. You are as wise as a woman twenty years older, and will be rewarded for it, mind I tell you; for when they marry their young skipjacks, who soon lead them a life, you will have a steady, clever, faithful man, who will never forget you, and make it the study of his life to reward you. I declare I feel as light as a feather after this. I shall sleep—oh, so lightly!—to-night, petsy.”

This result was nothing very special, as the learned gentleman, even at the most critical seasons, never lost an hour’s repose.

“You know,” she said, with a smile, “I don’t want to have you think of any grand sacrifice, or anything of *that* sort; only what you have said has come as a sort of surprise to me. I know this, I am always so glad when Mr. West comes, and find great delight in listening to him, and am a little sorry when he goes away. So I suppose—”

“Ah! go ‘long, you little humbugging witch, you! Why, that’s love—love all over!”

“Hush, papa!” she said, looking round. “No—regard—esteem; but it is no matter. Only, dearest, you must promise me this—you must wait, and let matters take their own way. Leave it all to me.”

“Deed, then, I will,” he said, patting her head; “and it couldn’t be in better hands. I’ll move neither hand, leg, nor foot in it.”

He was greatly pleased, and went up to “dress”—an operation only kept for seasons of high festival. When he had gone his way chanting the interrupted “Light of her eyes,” the girl sank down in a chair very thoughtfully, and, with something like youthful wrinkles on her forehead, remained for nearly half an hour. Her young head was working the thing out—a habit of hers. At last she heard the French clock strike; it was getting to the time for the “Corso,” and she rose, saying softly, “That degradation would kill me! Anything to save us from *that*!”

GENERAL JAMES OGLETHORPE.

THE world soon forgets its real workers. Unless there has been something in their career so specially romantic that poems and pictures are made in their honour, or unless they were so entirely the culminating point and representative of their age that they appear like its forming power, they get done away with and forgotten. Their deeds, which live after them, live without recognition or assignment. If you speak of one of these forgotten worthies, people ask, “Who was he? I never heard his name before. What did he do? When did he live?” How many times these

questions have been asked about General James Oglethorpe, since the appearance of Mr. Robert Wright's Memoir* has made his name familiar! A man, whom Pope celebrated, and Johnson honoured, who preceded Howard in prison reformation, and who founded a state which has since become one of the most famous of the American Union—a man who held the place of a leader in his lifetime, and who did the noble work of reformation and creation, has passed out of men's memories altogether. He has not been crystallised, so to speak, by poem, picture, or household allusion, and his name has, therefore, run into sand; from which, however, it has now been dug out.

James Oglethorpe was the son of the Sir Theophilus and Lady Oglethorpe who figure in the Warming-pan story concerning the birth of James the Second's Prince of Wales. But, though the story has long since been discarded as an invention of the enemy, there are a few discrepancies about dates and registers, which Mr. Wright cannot quite explain away, that seem to point to a substitution of sons in the Oglethorpe family. Whether true or false, they have nothing to do with the story on hand, and it does not, in the least degree, signify to us whether this James who founded Georgia, was the real and original James as is assumed, or only a younger son translated to the name and position of the elder boy after the Warming-pan plot had got cold and its embers had died away. Neither does it affect us, at this distance of time, to know that the Oglethorpe family was good and the Oglethorpe blood blue. Our interest lies in knowing what the man himself was, and not what his forefathers were; in learning what he did to set the crooked world somewhat straighter, and not what was done by a generation of roaring old savages, some hundreds of years ago, to get more beeves and land to their own share than their neighbours had, and by what means of craft, bullying, or manslaughter these were obtained, as was most convenient to the matter on hand. However, worthless as it may be to know, we are told that the General was of a good old family—that he was an "Oxonian," like his brothers before him—that, like them, he soon left Alma Mater for the rougher life of a soldier, and served under Prince Eugene, who made him, first, his secretary, and then his aide-de-camp—that he was at the battle of Peterwaraden and at the siege of Belgrade. "'Pray, General,' said Doctor Johnson, 'give us an account of the siege of Belgrade.' Upon which the old warrior poured a little wine on the table, and with a wet finger described every position, saying, 'Here we were, and here were the Turks,' and so on, while the Doctor listened with the closest attention."

When peace was concluded between the Austrian Emperor and the Sultan (1718), Oglethorpe was left without active employment. Knowing

nothing better to do, he returned to England; and, on the death of his elder brother, succeeded to the family mansion and estate, Westbrook, near Godalming. It may as well be told, here, that after his death Westbrook was bought by Godbold, the famous proprietor of the Vegetable Balsam, "when that popular quack doctor placed a figure of Fame upon the parapet of the house, of which he published an engraving, with dog-grel lines, eulogistic of himself and his nostrum." There is a tradition, too, that the Pretender was once secreted at Westbrook; and a vault is shown wherein he could be concealed in a case of emergency. He used to walk in the avenues early in the morning and late in the evening, wrapped in a large cloak like Edgar Ravenswood; whereby he passed for a ghost with such of the intelligent rustics as chanced to see him. Lady Oglethorpe warmly encouraged this ghost theory. It was convenient, and kept intruders, who might make themselves unpleasant, off the grounds.

In 1722, James Oglethorpe began his parliamentary career as the member for Haslemere, which seems to have been a family seat for the Westbrook people. He began at a critical moment, just at the time when the Jacobins, encouraged by the popular discontent occasioned by the bursting of the South Sea bubble, began to think of making a new attempt to restore the Stuarts; when George the First was informed by the Regent of France that a conspiracy was on foot against his government; and when the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Orrery, Doctor Atterbury, and others, were haled off to the Tower. But James Oglethorpe was a wise man and a prudent, and, though by family tradition and association a Jacobite at heart—or, let us say, "a sympathiser with the Stuarts"—yet he saw clearly that the bonny Prince Charlie game was played out in England, and that the only thing to do was to accept the inevitable Guelph, and make the best of him. Consequently he was loyal to the reigning house, an independent member, and a strong Tory—in all that he undertook, carrying good sense, energy, and practicability, and never letting a theory run away with his judgment.

In those days lived a certain Mr. Robert Castell, called in the fashion of the times "an ingenious gentleman;" an architect by taste and knowledge though not by profession, who ren through all his money, as many ingenious gentlemen have done before him, and will again. He was arrested and carried to a sponging-house attached to the Fleet Prison, and kept by one Corbett, an underling of the warden. On giving security, by virtue of "presents," as they were called, to the latter, whose name was Thomas Bambridge, he obtained the liberty of the rules; but at length becoming no longer able to gratify the warden's appetite for refreshers, that insatiate officer ordered him to be re-committed to Corbett's, where the small-pox then raged. Poor Castell, having informed Bambridge that he had never had that disease, and was in great dread of it, earnestly implored to be sent to some other

* A Memoir of General James Oglethorpe. By Robert Wright.

sponging-house, or even into the jail itself. But though the monster's own subordinates were moved to compassion, and endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose, he forced his unhappy prisoner into the infected house, where he caught the small-pox, of which he died after a few days, leaving a large family in the greatest distress, and with his last breath charging Bambridge as his murderer.

He was a poor friend and protégé of Oglethorpe's, who, if he could not discharge his debts, yet went often to see him, to carry him such comfort and consolation as he could. And the miseries, wrongs, and oppressions which he saw in his frequent visits to the Fleet, set him on the track of prison amelioration about thirty years before Howard began his great career. After the usual parliamentary preliminaries, a Prison Visiting Committee was appointed, of which Mr. James Oglethorpe was named chairman, with the prospect of plenty of work on hand, of dense tracts of opposition to be traversed, of monstrous abuses to be removed if possible, and of untiring energy to meet them with. The Fleet Prison was taken first. The Fleet had been originally designed and used for the confinement of the prisoners committed by the Star Chamber, and the warden was ex-officio an officer of parliament. When the Star Chamber was abolished, the privileges of the warden of the Fleet to receive fees from archbishops, bishops, peers, and others of lower degree, or to put such persons in irons, was abolished, and the prison itself appropriated to the use and confinement of debtors, and persons committed for contempt of court. But the wardens, caring nothing for acts of parliament and what they abolished, still went on with their extortions and cruelties, putting such of the prisoners as could not pay their fees into irons, if they thought that would bring them money, or if it was pleasant to them to take revenge on impetuosity; besides otherwise ill-treating and oppressing the poor wretches, all the same as if they had right and the law on their side. The warden's office, which had been given originally to Sir Jeremy Whicheot and his heirs, "together with that of the keeper of the old palace at Westminster, with the shops in Westminster Hall, and certain tenements adjoining the Fleet," was now a mere matter of sale and barter. Lord Clarendon had sold it for five thousand pounds to one John Huggins, and Huggins re-sold it in 1728 to Bambridge, who fell upon evil days, and Robert Castell, and Mr. James Oglethorpe's Committee for Prison Visiting.*

On their first visit, February 27, 1729, the committee found Sir William Rich in irons, because of some dispute between him and the warden. They ordered him to be set free from his chains, but they had no sooner left than Bambridge fastened them on again. And the next day, when the committee unexpectedly revisited the prison, they found Sir William loaded as before.

For which contempt of court Bambridge was ordered into the custody of the sergeant-at-arms, Oglethorpe, as chairman, bringing the case before the House. He was not a man to be trifled with by wardens of the Fleet or others, and so the world found out before long.

Nothing could be more horrible or more iniquitous than the arrangements and life of the Fleet in those days. There were two sides, the "Common Side" and the "Masters' Side." On the common side were those wards called the Upper Chapel, the Lower Chapel, and Julius Cæsar's; and into these wards were crammed ninety-three persons, many of them too poor to pay for a bed or even the shilling a week which was the price of a share of one, and so lying on the bare boards. The Women's Ward and the Lion's Den were equally bad. On the chapel stairs were rooms let at five pounds yearly to those who could afford to pay the rent, and on "the same floor were cells containing wretches who were uncertain what chamber rent they were compelled to pay, being, as they said, at the mercy of the warden." Here even the sick lay on the floor; and two women with small-pox were put together in the same bed, and made to pay two and tenpence a week for the accommodation. The Masters' Side was somewhat less ghastly than this, and the fees were higher; but not always certain to secure what they had bought, even when paid. For Bambridge, when he wanted money, used to turn his prisoners from ward to ward, and from the Masters' Side to the Common Side, sometimes putting the more spirited into irons, and taming the courage of the bold by locking them up in dungeons till they had paid for their freedom and better treatment. But though he made a good thing of his prisoners, he made a better, sometimes, of their liberty, and connived at the escape of such as could and would pay him sufficiently well, without much thought as to whether he went with the law or against it. He let many escape; among the rest one Boyce, a smuggler, charged, at the king's suit, with over thirty thousand pounds.

On the 20th of March the first report of the committee appointed three weeks before was presented to the House. Huggins, Bambridge, and others, were directed to be prosecuted for their crimes; but unfortunately the two principal scoundrels were acquitted—Huggins, on the charge of murder, and Bambridge, first for murder and then for felony. He was, however, dismissed as warden, and a bill was brought in for the better regulation of the Fleet. Two months after, a second report was presented to the House, this time including the Marshalsea and the Palace Court prison of Westminster. Sir Philip Meadows was Knight-Marshal at this time; but he had appointed one John Darby as his deputy, and Darby had sold his post and all the profits accruing to a butcher named Acton, for three hundred and forty pounds yearly. Acton seems to have been greater in the art of oppression than even Bambridge himself; and the Marshalsea must have been a real hell upon

* See page 251 of the present volume.

earth. In low rooms, not sixteen feet square, as many as fifty miserable sinners were locked up from eight to eight, and upon no occasion whatever could any of them get out. Some slept on the floor, but as all could not sleep there, they had an aerial tier of hammocks; by which ingenious contrivance many died for want of fresh air, as they did in the Black Hole of Calcutta. The sick wards were worse. "Along the walls of each room boards were laid upon trestles, 'like a dresser in a kitchen;' and under these boards, between the trestles, one tier of sick men lay upon the floor; on the 'dresser' was another tier; and overhead a third in hammocks." When a poor prisoner had no more money, and had exhausted his friends, and eaten up his possessions, if he could raise a final and funeral threepence, which was the nurse's fee, he was carried into the sick ward, where he lingered till he died. A day never passed without a death; and in spring time from eight to ten prisoners died every twenty-four hours. Many people left money for the poor debtors, but the jailer and the lodge-keepers got the benefit of the donation; so they did with the begging-box; and so they did when good Samaritans came, as was the custom, to discharge certain of the poor debtors. For the lodge-keepers had always a gang of idle hangers-on, who were their messengers and tools—voluntary prisoners who got free quarters for their dirty work, and had as much liberty as they wanted; and when there was to be a release, these men were put forward, and their pretended debts and fees paid by the Samaritan dupes who knew no better, to the jollification of the butcher and his comrades. Some of the debts for which men were confined in those days were very small: perhaps a shilling; but the fees to the jailer, and the "garnish" to be paid to the other prisoners, and the fines for every possible occasion, were tremendous; and to be arrested for a trifle was with many to be ruined for life. When any poor fellow could not pay these fees and garnishes, he was mobbed by the others, who stripped him of his clothes—"let the black dog walk," they called it—and otherwise ill-treated him. Once Acton put the thumb-screw on one man, then carried him to the strong-room, and all but strangled him. For all of these and worse infamies he was tried, the indictment charging him with murder; but, strange to say, he, too, was acquitted, like his brothers in crime and office. Though not all, nor perhaps very much, yet something was done by Oglethorpe's committee for the amelioration of these loathsome dens; and magistrates were appointed to meet during the recess to adjust the fees of every debtors' prison, and to make other useful laws. Mr. Wright does not say to what result; and we all know what Howard found when he undertook to cleanse the Augean stables—sadly in want of ventilation and flushed sewers.

His experience of what poor debtors underwent turned Oglethorpe's attention to the unemployed, impecunious class generally, and perhaps originated the second great work un-

dertaken for the good of his generation, and the well-being of society at large. A Tory, yet as much of a free trader as perhaps was possible in those days, he opposed the bill of the Commons, introduced for protecting the West Indian sugar trade, by prohibiting all commerce between the French islands of the Pacific and our North American colonies. "Our colonies are all a part of our dominions," he said, with more common sense than his hearers possessed. "The people in every one of them are our own people, and we ought to show an equal respect to all. I remember, sir, that there was once a petition presented to this House by one county, complaining that they were very much injured in their trade, as to the sale of beans, by another; therefore they modestly prayed that the other county should be prohibited to sell any beans!" "Ote-toi que je m'y mets," said the Frenchman, unconsciously epitomising the whole theory of protection, as instanced by this story of the beans. He was also on the side of Poor Jack, and wrote a pamphlet called "The Sailor's Advocate," exposing the evils of impressment, and the abuses of the Admiralty; and in many other ways showed himself a sturdy philanthropist and practical reformer. And then, in 1782, he and twenty-one associates petitioned the throne for an act of incorporation, and obtained a charter, dated June 9, 1732, for establishing the colony of Georgia, in America, on the south-eastern frontier of South Carolina—with the Spaniards in Florida as troublesome neighbours, the Indians thick in the forests round about, and runaway negroes banded together under arms, as the three active enemies to be encountered. At present these troubles fell upon the South Carolinians; wherefore they were extremely anxious that a new British colony should be planted between them and the recognised limits of the Spanish possessions.

A new colony between South Carolina and Florida had long been a subject of thought and consideration, but as yet no one had seen the way to any practical solution of the difficulties attending. Sir Robert Montgomery, of Skelmorley, had drawn out a magnificent scheme for a settlement to be called the Margravate of Azilia; but the margravate, with its magnificent cities and parks, did not get under weigh somehow; and then Oglethorpe took up the question, and proposed his scheme of simple colonisation—as much for straitened gentlefolks as for labourers, for the poor fellows who else would fall into the hands of Bambridges, or the Actons of the Fleet, or the Marshalsea. The scheme took; parliament approved, and the public supported. The new colony was organised by trustees who were bound by their charter to receive no fees, perquisites, salary, nor profits from the undertaking—who might not hold land, either openly or by proxy, and who were simply guardians and promoters of the cause. Large subscriptions were made, and parliament gave them a grant of ten thousand pounds. On the 6th of November,

1732, the first batch of emigrants embarked on board the *Anne*, at Gravesend; and on the 15th, Oglethorpe, "in the prime of life, very handsome, tall, and manly, dignified, but not austere—the beau ideal of an English gentleman," with means—followed his poorer clients, and set sail next day. There were a hundred and twenty emigrants, their governor—our hero—Mr. Herbert, a clergyman of the Church of England and the chaplain of the expedition, and Mr. Amatis, a Piedmontese, to teach the art of rearing silkworms and winding silk; Georgia being supposed peculiarly fitted for this industry, and Sir Thomas Lombe's patent for silk-weaving handy at home for working up the colonial produce.

The first fortunes of the colony were like all first fortunes. Some disappointment and some confusion, wrangling, friendships, Indian raids and pow-wows in alternation, Spanish difficulties, prosperity on the one hand and adversity on the other, to hold men's minds in an even balance; but, on the whole, progress and advancement, and the foundations laid for happiness and future power. Presently some Salzburg Protestants joined the English emigrants; but as they desired to be by themselves, they went from Charlestown, where they first landed, up the Savannah, and founded Ebenezer, their place of rest in a new world. On General Oglethorpe's second visit to Georgia—for he left after sixteen months' sojourn there—he took with him as spiritual aids and missionaries both John and Charles Wesley; the latter as his private secretary in excess of his missionary functions. But after a time the pleasant relations hitherto existing between himself and the young men became somewhat chilled and roughened, and we find Charles complaining of harshness and increasing coldness; while women, always at the back of all disagreements between men, mixed themselves up in the quarrel, and made life very bitter to the private secretary. Oglethorpe charged Charles with mutiny and sedition, and with stirring up the people to desert the colony. They had a quarrel, too, about formalism, the governor wishing for more love and meekness and true religion, and less formal prayer, and the missionary putting his trust in sermons and public ordinances; and things got to such a pass between them that, if what he says in his journal is true, poor Charles was much to be pitied, and his master not a little to be condemned. After bearing up against a great deal of petty insolence from the servants and low people about—his linen returned to him unwashed, people shrinking from him if he came in their way, and the like—his spirit at last gave way; he took a fever and went to his bed. But "on the 6th of April, before he had quite recovered," says Mr. Wright, "he jots down what must not be withheld, hard though it be to credit: 'To-day Mr. Oglethorpe gave away my bedstead from under me, and refused to spare one of the carpenters to mend me another.'"

John came over to his afflicted brother to give

advice and consolation. He was received by Oglethorpe with "abundant kindness," and the next day preached from the text: "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" His journal had this note: "In every one of the six following days, I had some fresh proofs of the absolute necessity of following that advice of the apostle: 'Judge not before the time;'" and he makes no remark concerning the differences between his brother and the governor. Charles having peevishly come to a resolution "which honour and indignation had formed," to starve himself rather than ask for necessities, John dissuaded him from it, and so returned to Savannah, leaving, it is to be hoped, things a little sweeter and smoother between the belligerents. Judging from this distance of time, unwarping by passion or prejudice on either side, one can easily understand how it was that General Oglethorpe—strong, capable, practical, energetic—and a Wesley as missionary and secretary, could not pull well together; for all that the elder man had an "almost paternal affection" for the younger, and was, moreover, a sincere Christian and an ardent philanthropist. But the Wesleys were strange people; even among themselves given to strife and contention about the best method of showing forth Christian graces and a godly conversation; so that it was not much to be wondered at if they quarrelled with the general, not in all things a man of God, according to their way of distributing class merit. However, things got straight after a time, and before they finally parted, the secretary and his master were as good friends as ever; which says something for both, seeing how rare it is for misunderstandings to be done away with when once they have been set up.

It would be impossible to give even a rapid account of all that Oglethorpe did to make that Georgian colony a success. He made friends with the Indians, and beat off the Spaniards; founded new establishments, and laid down roads; punished revolt; soothed dissatisfaction; fortified his new-made towns and villages; fought the Spanish fleet, and cut his way through it gallantly; repressed the extra zeal and officiousness of Whitefield, the missionary, whom also he had taken to be a thorn in his side, and who, according to the notion generally of missionaries, had gone considerably beyond his powers, and exceeded all legal authorisation; and then finally returned home to be tried by court-martial, on the complaints of one William Cooke—but to be tried only to be honourably acquitted. After which he gradually faded out of sight as a public character, married, retired, lived to a good old age, and died in the July of 1785, after the Declaration of Independence, which made his little colony of Georgia an independent State.

"Whose wicked eloquence was it that helped to bring about this mighty revolution?" adds Mrs. Hannah More, when detailing her meeting with the general. The whole extract, though, is too characteristic to be omitted. "I have got a new admirer," she writes to

her sister in 1784, "and we flirt together prodigiously; it is the famous General Oglethorpe, perhaps the most remarkable man of his time. He was foster-brother to the Pretender, and is much above ninety years old; the finest figure of a man you ever saw. He perfectly realises all my ideas of Nestor. His literature is great; his knowledge of the world is extensive, and his faculties as bright as ever." He is one of the three persons still living who was mentioned by Pope; Lord Mansfield and Lord Marchmont are the other two. He was the intimate friend of Southern, the tragic poet, and all the wits of his time. He is, perhaps, the oldest man of a gentleman living. I went to see him the other day, and he would have entertained me by repeating passages from Sir Eldred (Sir Eldred of the Bower: a Legendary Poem. Hannah More's first original work, published in 1775). He is quite a preux chevalier, heroic, romantic, and full of the old gallantry."

Early in 1785, Samuel Rogers, then a young man of twenty-one, met General Oglethorpe at the sale of Dr. Johnson's library. He says he was "then very, very old, the flesh of his face like parchment. He amused us youngsters by talking of the alterations that had been made in London, and of the great additions it had received within his recollection. He said that he had shot snipes in Conduit-street."

And Walpole, in the same year, speaks of him to Sir Horace Mann as youthful at ninety-five, when compared with himself, twenty years his junior. "His eyes, ears, articulation, limbs, and memory would suit a boy, if a boy could recollect a century. His teeth are gone; he is a shadow, and a wrinkled one; but his spirits and his spirit are in full bloom. Two years and a half ago he challenged a neighbouring gentleman for trespassing on his manor."

There was no gradual decay of this abundant vitality—no sinking down into the childishness and helplessness of old age. He died as he had lived, in full vigour; carried off unexpectedly by a violent fever; thus keeping, to the last, the same energy and power that had distinguished him throughout.

This then was General Oglethorpe, whom Mr. Robert Wright has disinterred from the neglect and dust of the past, "the finest figure of a man we have ever seen," and one who did honour to his country and his time.

HEART'S-EASE AND FORGET-ME-NOTS.

Oh, wherefore dost thou mock my grief
With such sweet gifts as these?
For me, if I forget thee not,
There can be no "heart's ease."

To think of thee is still to love,
In vain to hope, to pine,
To dream a dream of blissful life
That may be never mine.

That heart doth scarcely live whose life
Is in the past, the lost—
The motions of a living death
Are all that it can boast.

The heart that glows with vigorous warmth
A living love doth need—
A quickening, ever-during hope
Its energies to feed.

Be not unkind, to bid me go,
Yet bid me not forget;
Remembering thee, my life will be
But one long lone regret.

Thou would'st not wound my soul past cure,
Then rack me not with aught
That can bring back my grief and thee
To fancy, sense, or thought.

Take back thy flowers; if near thee, no
Forget-me-nots I need,
For in thine eyes, as blue as they,
The sweet request I read.

Take back thy flowers; for by thy side
The dreariest scene can please;
And, parted from thee, Eden's self
For me hath no heart's ease.

Oh, take them back, and give to me
Thine own sweet self in place;
I seem to feel their meaning most
When gazing on thy face.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AT HOME.

PROBABLY, fifteen years ago, the national education mania was at its height. In some curious way, scarcely now to be traced, that part of the nation consisting of the upper and middle classes had suddenly awakened to the necessity of educating the lower class. Though made late, the discovery was startling, and so were its results. Whether or not the movement took a proper form, was properly directed, and has borne good fruit, may be matter of opinion. Whether, also, it aimed too high, and failed in proportion, may be again matter of opinion; perhaps we cannot as yet arrive at any very accurate judgment. Of this, however, there can be no doubt—too much was made of the children who were to be educated. The class of children hitherto almost utterly neglected suddenly assumed a fictitious value. Their importance being rated, results were expected which the circumstances of the case did not warrant. The village children were no longer to pass their days in idleness and enjoyment, for the squire or clergyman had established a school, engaged a certificated master, and the school must be filled. The master furnished himself with pupil-teachers, and the work went on. He lectured on English history, geography, natural history, grammar, and "common things;" did a little Greek and Latin, and extremely little in reading, writing, and arithmetic. The clergyman was only a little less proud of his school than the master; it was a thing to be made much of and exhibited, and every one he could lay his hands on must visit the school, whether they cared for it or not. Thus, the children were trotted out to their own, and generally their visitors' entire satisfaction; the wonderful

attainments of the village school were spread abroad; every one was anxious to hear, and for a time national school visiting became the fashion. Like all human institutions, it is a mixture of good and evil. The evil which it principally wrought in those days was that it greatly encouraged, if it did not originate, the almost natural desire to show off, and make the knowledge of the children appear to be greater than it really was. Visitors expected to hear the names of the Cinque Ports, the latitude of Pekin, the particulars of the wars of the Roses, the overland route to India, perhaps all about botany, and the roots of such and such words. Where, then, was the time of the master to teach the two subjects which ought chiefly to engross his attention in a village school? School inspectors assisted in the same evil greatly. In those days the object of the inspector seemed to be to get rid of the lower classes of a school as soon as possible, and then put the upper ones through a severe course of English history, grammar, and geography, for the edification of the numerous visitors. All this tended to make the children, and particularly the pupil-teachers, conceited, and to imagine that their education was completed, when it was scarcely begun. By-and-by the number of school-visitors decreased, the attraction was old, new things arose, and masters had begun to discover that the chief aim of a national school was not to make an exhibition of it. They left off lecturing, and took to working quietly, making the children do more; so there was less for visitors to hear, and consequently they were less interested. The system has now, probably, found its proper place, national school visitors being almost entirely confined to those who really take some interest in the education of the poor.

But to come to particulars. National school visitors may be divided into *two* classes:

First, those who stop at the school door; and, second, those who enter the school.

The first class consists of many and very dissimilar people—the children's parents, travellers in the book line, beggars, the vendors of herrings, nuts, oranges, and other unconsidered trifles, Lancashire weavers, Coventry ribbon-men, decayed schoolmasters from Cornwall and Northumberland, deputations from men on strikes, itinerant exhibitors of magic lanterns, and many others.

Parents, or more properly mothers, always seem to think they have a vested right in the school and its master, and it never strikes them that their visits are altogether unwelcome; for in nine cases out of ten they come to make some complaint or other. Either you have done, or not done; their children should be in as high a class as somebody else; some bad boy has beaten or stoned their children, and so on through a long list of grievances. Travellers in the book line are a great nuisance. Their impudence and conceit are intolerable. They will often walk into a school, even without knocking, instead of stopping at the door—their

proper place; don't think of taking off their hats, unless politely requested to do so; and usurp the master's place for the time being. They seem to think schoolmasters their proper prey; they have heard a long way off that you are a great reader, and that they confidently expected an order; or, if disappointed, do not scruple to hint that you are not literary.

A good deal of amusement often accompanies the visits of the orange-sellers; though when a rough head pops itself inside the open school door on a summer's afternoon, and demands, "Done ye want any herrins, master?" the amusement is apt to be at the master's expense. I used to trade extensively with an Irishman, who always had a great deal to say in praise of his oranges, and, when all else failed, always vanquished me with "St. Michael's oranges, sir." One day I asked him, "Where was St. Michael's?" He replied, "Sure, master, it's an island belonging to America, on the coast of Spain, near the entrance to the Mediterranean river." "Where did he read that?" "Sure, in the geography books." That Irishman, to my great regret, has disappeared. I have often wondered what has become of him. Is he distributing oranges in some other locality? has he taken a voyage at his country's expense? or is he a general in the Federal army? Such an answer strongly reminds one of Byron's lines:

Spain's an island near
Morocco, betwixt Egypt and Tangier.

But why take the remaining members of this class in order? for they are either beggars or beggars in disguise, and very thin indeed is the disguise of many of these visitors, who stop at the school door. They care nothing for national education, know not of Mr. Lowe and his schemes, care not whether the master be from York or Saltley, and are not interested in Standard No. 1. But their interest in the master's pocket is great; and if by some pitiful tale they can move him to transfer coins from his pocket to theirs, the object for which they visited him is attained.

We now come to the second and more important class of school-visitors, viz. those who enter the school. That class may be divided thus:

I. Those who are either simply an annoyance or necessary evils;

II. Those whose coming is a matter of indifference;

III. Those who help and encourage.

I presume very few teachers like the inspection of their schools simply for its own sake. Of course they like a good report, and in olden days it was very pleasant to get one's certificate raised. But even that, I imagine, was more on account of pounds, shillings, and pence than for any other reason. Out of (say) one hundred cases, we may safely conclude that ninety-nine teachers only allowed or liked inspection because they gained a certain sum of money by it. Thus it was that the inspector was never really welcome. His visit was naturally associated with extra work, the bother of statistics, and con-

siderable anxiety. If that was the case years ago, how much more so now? The work is harder, the anxiety greatly increased, the result not so satisfactory, the examination being, to a great extent, a lottery. Therefore it is not surprising that we should regard H.M.'s inspector as a necessary evil. The important day comes only too soon and surely. Perhaps the inspector comes before his time, and finds the children in the playground; perhaps after his time, and you must wait; possibly he does not come at all that day, and you get a letter the next morning to say he will come some other day. Then is the time to ask yourself, "Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?" Well, but suppose he has come. Is he good tempered? A great deal depends upon that, be assured. Inspectors are but men. The weather, a bad breakfast, or an unfortunate railway journey, affect them even as others. Try to make his first impressions favourable. Have the standards in order, and all the returns ready. Have ink and a quill pen handy, and, above all, be sure that the school secretary asks him "what time the examination will be over, as luncheon will be ready at such a time?" Having done all this, let us hope the fates will be propitious, and that the sun of the inspector's countenance will shine upon you.

Many are the anecdotes of school inspectors. The Rev. A. B. C. was paying his annual visit to a school not a hundred miles from Birmingham. It was some years ago, when geography was much more important than at present. The inspector wished to be told all about the route to India, but the children seemed to know very little about it. At last, in despair, he asked, "Could I go there on a horse?" One little fellow promptly answered, "No, sir." "And why not?" said the inspector. The boy answered, "Please, sir, because you'd tumble off!" Whether or not any more questions were asked on that point report sayeth not. Visitors who come to meet the inspector on an examination-day are generally a great annoyance. They drop in at all hours of the day, and make as great a commotion as possible. Not content with coming themselves, they often bring their children or their dogs with them. These little ones, of course, with nothing to do, are restless enough, and between them and the boys' love of dogs, and the girls' admiration of the ladies' hats and dresses, the master has a busy time of it. School committees and managers are often disagreeable visitors. They may come too often or not often enough; they may interfere too much or too little; they may take too much or too little upon them. If the school is supported by a lady, she is pretty sure to bother you a good deal; but it is easy to persuade her that all is as she would wish it, and, at the same time, be as much the master of the school as you could desire. One of my friends left Lady Y.'s school; when I asked why, I was told because Lady Y. interfered too much; my answer was, "And why did he not let her interfere?" Many amusing things happen during

these visits. I have heard of one young lady who, to illustrate some point, asked, "What do you call me?" One answers, "A wench," and is called "a horrid boy;" another says, "A young woman," he is "not a bad sort of a boy;" while the third, who says, "A young lady," is "a dear little thing." Punch tells a tale of a boy who, in answer to some question, told an old lady her chain was brass, and who afterwards "stood corrected." Very serious people are apt to be shocked if a little child reads, "and the wedding was furnished with ghosts," instead of, "and the wedding was furnished with guests" (though there is more truth in the rendering than at first sight appears); or instead of reading, "then they remembered the day of old—Moses and his servants," &c., reads it, "then they remembered the days of old Moses." One of my lads one day read, "we will now eat (heat) the poker," and was somewhat astonished when the poker was handed to him with the remark, "Now eat it." In a repetition of the Ten Commandments, a boy required prompting for the fourth, and the teacher started him with the word, "Remember;" whereupon he set off at full speed with "Remember, remember, the fifth of November."

Clergymen in too many cases either do too much in a school or too little, and it is difficult to decide which is worse. I shall, however, say but little on this point, merely giving the following little sketch: In the parish of G., the clergyman was a curate fresh from Oxford. As he was fond of children, both duty and inclination often led him into the village school. He was almost always accompanied by three or four dogs, which, of course, the moment he opened the door, rushed frantically into the room, to the youngsters' great delight. They were soon turned out; but anything like order for the time was out of the question. He would, perhaps, give what he called a Scripture lesson, which would consist of a set of the most curious and disjointed questions imaginable. He would go to the back row, put a question or two to them, leaving the rest to do as they liked; then to another part of the class, and so on. If the master did not stand by, the lesson very soon did, for the noise and confusion would be great. Some of them pulled his coat, even stroked his hair, and played all kinds of pranks. Sometimes they would make him angry, but not often. I give one or two of his questions as a sample. "How many foxes did Samson send among the corn of the Philistines?" "Who was Beelzebub?" This question he answered himself by saying, "Queer fellow, wasn't he?" In fact, he mostly answered the questions himself. He wound up by distributing a parcel of nuts or a few oranges. Everybody knew when he was in school by the watching dogs at the door. A common remark of the women of the village was, "Now, he's gone again to make the children laugh." For all this, he was one of the most kind-hearted of men, and had an idea that he did a great deal of work in the school. This,

by the way, is a delusion common enough among school-visitors. The next class of school-visitors are those whose coming is a matter of indifference, who are mostly chance visitors, and rarely enter the school a second time. People who happen to be in the neighbourhood, and have plenty of time to spare—those who read the *Times*' educational leaders, and thereby become possessed of very hazy notions of national education—those who have read Mr. Dickens's delineation of a national school-master, and are anxious to inspect the curiosity (and who, after all, will probably be disappointed)—those who have, or think they have, nothing better to do, and particularly those in quest of a new sensation, form our chance visitors. They are mostly amiable and harmless people, who know no more of what a national school really is than they do of the moon's geography. These are the people who imagine you teach Greek and Latin, who ask questions after the manner of a professor of history, who take notes of the proceedings for future edification, and are either very much pleased or very much disgusted. They often mistake a tall and well-grown pupil-teacher for the master, to the master's manifest discontent, or, at any rate, patronise the biggest pupil-teacher as the senior, which is a still more serious matter. Sometimes one of these visitors turns out to be rather more than you expected. I well remember a queer-looking figure invading the school where I was pupil-teacher. He coolly seated himself on our ink-stained table, put up his glass, swung his legs, and looked about at everything. As I looked at him I thought, "Well, you beat Lord G., and he has about the queerest way of coming into this school of anybody I know." But presently, while still seated on the table, he began to ask a set of the best questions I ever heard any one ask in a school, and we afterwards discovered he was the noble lord, the author of the most amusing book of travels lately published.

Sometimes when too many of these visitors drop in together, they become annoying. If a duke and duchess and a dozen lords and ladies enter together, and the master is not of a very cool nature, he is apt to be a little bothered—particularly if her grace takes upon herself to give a lesson. As a matter of course, the children do badly. I well remember such an occasion when, a small boy of ten, I was in the first class at L. Her Grace of S. asked the question (after hearing us read), "What is an implement?" No doubt several others as well as myself could have answered that question perfectly well; but the awe of the aristocracy was upon us, and we missed that opportunity of covering ourselves with glory. I must do her grace the justice to say that she explained the word clearly. At the same school, a class under the senior pupil-teacher was in the lobby one afternoon. The outer door would not latch, so must be locked; and when locked, it had a great objection to the unlocking process. While so fastened, somebody knocked, and followed up

the knock by attempting to open the door. Of course the pupil-teacher went at once to open the door, but it proved a regular case of "sesame" won't open. The pupil-teacher tried again and again, till the patience of the unknown on the other side of the door was exhausted, and he tried also. This was too much for the teacher; he shouted out in no very mild tone, "Can't you wait a bit? don't be in such a hurry." When at length the door yielded, imagine the discomfiture of our friend, when in walked the Marquis of G., with a broad grin on his face. The poor pupil-teacher was so confused, that he could offer no word of apology, neither was it necessary.

Almost the only fault that can be found with such visitors is that they take up too much time; but they teach this lesson also, that one should never presume on the ignorance or indifference of school visitors. Other people have eyes and ears as well as schoolmasters; and it must not be forgotten that although angel visits are very few and far between, they are none the less real on that account.

We now come to the last class of school-visitors, viz. those who help and encourage.

It would be easy enough to write a good deal on this part of our subject, but not so easy to get schoolmasters to agree as to the kind of people who *do* help and encourage.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

BALLOON ASCENTS.

FRIAR BACON, following the Arab writers in science, believed it possible for man to fly, but the idea remained for centuries as dormant as the wonderful friar's first hint of the steam-engine.

In that restless hopeful age of experiment, the reign of Charles the Second, Bishop Wilkins, the founder of the Royal Society, professed his belief that the time would come when a man would just as naturally call for his wings as for his boots. He revived the flying idea, and struck out some suggestions as to filling the vessel required to float in the clouds with "fire or ethereal air." At the very same time the Jesuit, Francis Luna, proposed to construct a globular copper vessel for the same purpose, which, when exhausted of air, he believed would carry passengers some way towards the moon. In 1709 (Queen Anne), the thought grew a little. A Portuguese friar projected a huge hollow paper or silk bird, that was to be moved by a combination of sails and bellows. The Portuguese king pensioned this ingenious friar handsomely, and gave him a professorship and several hats full of reis, the result of which was that, in 1736, he is said (by means of witchcraft) to have raised a wicker basket covered with paper two hundred feet in the air. In 1766, Dr. Black made several experiments with bags and bladders filled with inflammable air; and in 1782, the Brothers Montgolfier, paper-makers at Annonay in the south of France, after several experiments with bags of

smoke and hot air, filled a silk bag with rarefied air, and publicly at Avignon exhibited its powers of ascension. The secret was found at last. A larger balloon rose six hundred, a third one a thousand, and a fourth six thousand feet. Directly it was proved that a balloon could lift five hundred pounds weight, the idea of its being steered by men suggested itself to the clever paper-makers. They exhibited a large elliptical balloon before the members of the Academy of Science in a garden in the Faubourg St. Germain, and a larger one still before the king and royal family at Versailles. The first aeronauts were in this balloon, and they consisted of a sheep, a fowl, and a duck.

M. Montgolfier, actuated by the success of these experiments, determined to push them still further. The power of these new *aërostatic* machines, and their very gradual descent in falling to the ground, had already showed that they were capable of transporting people through the air with all imaginable safety; and this fact was further confirmed by the experiment already mentioned. When M. Montgolfier, therefore, proposed to make a new *aërostatic* machine, of a firmer and better construction than the former, M. Pilatre de Rozier offered himself to be the first *aërial* adventurer.

The new air-ship, constructed at Paris, in a garden in the Faubourg St. Antoine, was shaped like a pear, forty-eight feet in diameter and seventy-four in height, and was emblazoned with heraldic and astronomical symbols. The weight of the whole, fire-grate and all, was eighteen hundred pounds. The first ascent was in October, 1783. M. de Rozier was as daring in venturing in the new element as the hero who first put to sea; but he did not care to be in those airy solitudes above the towers of Paris more than nine minutes, and then he safely descended to receive his laurels. In his next ascent, M. Pilatre determined to cut the apron-strings and walk alone. He would have no ropes to keep the balloon moored to the earth. On the 21st of November, 1783, he and the Marquis d'Arlandes, a notoriety-seeking man of quality, made a voyage of five miles in twenty-five minutes, the balloon narrowly escaping destruction by fire.

M. Montgolfier's restless mind soon struck out the idea of filling the balloon with gas, an idea which he in vain attempted to keep secret.

The first experiment was made by two brothers, Messrs. Robert and M. Charles, the latter a professor of experimental philosophy. They caused a gummed lute-string bag, filled with gas, to traverse twenty-five miles in three-quarters of an hour. The two brothers then boldly ascended in a balloon filled with gas, in December, 1783. After a successful journey of twenty-seven miles, Mr. Robert again ascended alone, just after sunset. He rose about ten thousand feet high, came into a cold region of almost colourless clouds, and was driven about by contrary currents.

The next step was to try and discover some means of guiding the still unruly

air-ships. M. Jean Pierre Blanchard, a man of inventive genius, who had for many years been trying to fly by mechanical means, resolved to add wings to the balloon; but in the first attempt he was frustrated by the impetuosity of a young gentleman, who insisted, right or wrong, on ascending along with him. In the scuffle which ensued on this occasion the wings were destroyed.

Messrs. Charles and Robert, who took up this theory, made an ascent in an oblong spheroid balloon, twenty-six feet long. The wings were made in the shape of an umbrella without the handle, to the top of which a stick was fastened parallel to the aperture of the umbrella. Five of these were disposed round the boat, which was near seventeen feet in length. They made a bold flight this time of one hundred and fifty miles, and only descended at last because darkness came on. The average speed was twenty-four miles an hour, and they sensibly concluded that if the wind had been only half as strong, their oars would have given them greater power of guidance. They were at one time in great danger among thunder-clouds.

Ingenuity was next directed to lessen the expense of *aëronautic* machines by some contrivance to ascend without throwing out ballast, and to descend without losing any of the inflammable air. The first attempt of this kind was made by the Duke de Chartres, who, on the 15th of July, 1784, ascended with the two brothers, Charles and Robert, from the park of St. Cloud. The balloon was of an oblong form, made to ascend with its longest diameter horizontally, and measured fifty-five feet in length and twenty-four in breadth. It contained within it a smaller balloon, filled with common air; by blowing into which common air with a pair of bellows it was supposed that the machine would become sufficiently heavy to descend. By the inflation of the internal bag, the inflammable air in the external one would be condensed into a smaller space, and thus become heavier.

Their voyage proved a failure. The balloon was beaten about by an upper-air whirlwind, and got almost wrecked in an ocean of shapeless clouds. The interior balloon, being cut, fell down and jammed up the aperture of the larger balloon, so that it threatened to burst. In their dire extremity, the Duke of Chartres drew his sword and cut great gashes, seven feet long, in the lower balloon. It then descended safely, but on the very edge of a lake.

The success of the scheme being thus rendered dubious, another method was thought of. This was to put a small *aërostatic* machine with rarefied air under an inflammable-air balloon, but at such a distance that the inflammable air of the latter might be perfectly out of the reach of the fire used for inflating the former; and thus, by increasing or diminishing the fire in the small machine, the absolute weight of the whole would be considerably diminished or augmented. This scheme was unhappily put in execution by the celebrated M. Pilatre de Rozier, and another gentleman named M. Romaine.

The time had come when the prince of the powers of the air demanded his first victim. When they were three-quarters of a mile from the ground, the two aeronauts were seen through telescopes busy with the valves, and evidently alarmed. In a moment the balloon caught fire, collapsed, and fell. M. Pilatre seemed to have been dead before he came to the ground; but M. Romaine was alive when some persons came up to the place where he lay, though he expired immediately after.

The first ascent in England was by Vincent Lunardi, an Italian, from the Finsbury Artillery-ground, on the 13th of September, 1784. He used oars or wings, and produced the gas he required by diluted vitriolic acid poured upon zinc. He took up with him a dog, a cat, and a pigeon, and descended at Ware, in Hertfordshire, in two hours and six minutes.

The voyage of Mr. Blanchard and Dr. Jeffries, on the 7th of January, 1785, was a more venturesome one. They ascended from Shakespeare's Cliff, and resolved to cross the Channel. The balloon was so small, they could only carry thirty pounds of ballast. It was a clear frosty morning, and they were able to count thirty-seven villages on the south-east of England. After passing several vessels, they found the balloon determined to descend. They then threw out, bit by bit, all their ballast; next, a parcel of books, one by one; then, the wings of their boat, their provisions, their anchor, their cords, and even their clothes. Lastly, like brave resolute men as they were, they determined to sling themselves to the air-globe, and cut away the car. Just then, however, the capricious thing took to ascending, and rising over the high lands between Cape Blanc and Calais, descended safely in an avenue of the Forest of Guines, where a monument still marks the spot.

In 1785, a Mr. Crosbie attempted to ascend in Dublin. On his stepping out of the car, a Mr. McGuire, a reckless college youth, sprang into it, and the balloon ascended with him, to the astonishment of the beholders, and presently was carried with great velocity towards the Channel. This being observed, a crowd of horsemen pursued full speed the course he seemed to take, and could plainly perceive the balloon descending into the sea. Lord H. Fitzgerald, who was amongst the foremost, instantly despatched a swift sailing vessel mounted with oars, and all the boats that could be got, to the relief of the rash youth, whom they found almost spent with swimming, just time enough to save his life.

On the 19th of July of the same year, Mr. Crosbie again ascended at Dublin, determining to cross the Channel to Holyhead. His car was a wicker basket, to the upper edge of which he had tied bladders, to serve as life-buoys. The current of air bore him towards Whitehaven; and forty miles from Ireland he could see both shores. The cold became so great, that his ink froze, and his mercury sank into the bulb. He became sick, and, entering

a region of storm and thunder and lightning, the balloon sank to the surface of the water. He soon found that the water in the car served as ballast, and that the bladders kept it afloat, so he put on his cork jacket, and made himself snug. The balloon maintaining its poise, it became a powerful sail, by means of which, and a snatch-block to his car, he went before the wind as regularly as in a sailing vessel. In this situation he became hungry, and ate a little fowl. Finding he outstripped all the vessels pursuing him, he drew in the balloon, and was finally overtaken and rescued by a barque from Dunleary.

Only a few days afterwards, Major Money, having ascended from Norwich, fell into somewhat similar but far greater danger. The valve of the balloon being too small, and the major being unable to descend in time, the balloon was blown out to sea, where he floated for several hours. He was just sinking, when, near midnight, a revenue cutter picked him up, almost exhausted. There was a fine mezzotint drawing of this adventure published at the time.

In August of this year Mr. Blanchard made his first trial of a parachute, to be used in case of accident. With this he let a dog fall safely to the ground from a great height.

In September, 1785, a Mr. Baldwin ascended from Chester, and left on record his observations, which are rather fuller than those of his predecessors. The perspective appearance of things to him was very remarkable. The lowest bed of vapour that first appeared as a cloud was pure white in detached fleeces, increasing as they rose; they presently coalesced, and formed, as he expresses it, a sea of cotton, tufting here and there by the action of the air in the undisturbed part of the clouds. The whole became an extended white floor of cloud, the upper surface being smooth and even. Above this white floor he observed, at great and unequal distances, a vast assemblage of thunder-clouds, each parcel consisting of whole acres in the densest form; he compares their form and appearance to the smoke of pieces of ordnance, which had consolidated into masses of snow, and penetrated through the upper surface or white floor of common clouds, there remaining visible and at rest. Through a well-like opening in the white floor of clouds, at four miles high, he saw the town of Chester and two miles of surrounding landscape. The shadow of the balloon in the clouds had an iris circle round it.

On November the 25th, Mr. Lunardi ascended at Glasgow, and in two hours he passed over a track of one hundred and twenty-five miles. Being overcome with drowsiness, he slept for about twenty minutes in the bottom of the car during his voyage. In the same year, Blanchard made several experiments with explosive and other parachutes, and in all cases the dogs in them reached the ground in safety.

In June, 1802, M. Garnerin and a Captain Sowden made a remarkable ascent from Ranelagh Gardens during a heavy gale. At fifteen

thousand (?) feet high he could hear the rattling of the carriages on the roads, the lowing of cattle, and the huzzas of the people, though at the same time it was with difficulty that he and M. Garnerin could hear themselves speak. In this situation, Epping Forest appeared to them not larger than a gooseberry-bush. In three-quarters of an hour the balloon drove sixty miles, and the descent, a very dangerous one, was made on Fingering Hoe, a common beyond Colchester. The country people there were so frightened at the balloon, that they offered to fire at the bruised and drenched aeronauts. On their way towards Colchester they were shouted at as impostors, and at Colchester itself the landlord, seeing their sailors' dress and signal flags, would insist on their being election agents, and declared that he should reserve his vote.

In July, 1802, M. Garnerin made another ascent from Lord's Cricket Ground, in company with Mr. H. Locker, afterwards deputy-governor of Greenwich Hospital. The Prince of Wales was on the ground, with the Duchess of Devonshire on one arm and Lady Morpeth on the other, attended by a train of noblemen and people of fashion. The wind was very boisterous and threatening. The balloon descended at Chingford-green, in Essex, having made exactly nine miles in one quarter of an hour.

M. Garnerin was the son of a Parisian pewterer. A student at the university during the height of the Montgolfier mania, he devoted his whole time, in spite of the vexation of the professors, to experiments with small balloons, and was eventually expelled the college. When the Revolution broke out, he became a volunteer in the Parisian National Guard, devoting his spare time to flights in the air. Not having money sufficient to purchase a balloon himself, he applied to a rich and avaricious person, who bought one for him, and gave him a mere trifle for ascending in it, on condition that he should receive the cash which the public were to pay for admission. His parents, however, learning that he was on the eve of going up in a balloon, waited on General La Fayette, who was commander-in-chief of the Parisian Guard, and begged he would interpose his military authority, and not suffer the giddy youth to ascend. M. La Fayette sent a file of soldiers to put the young adventurer in confinement; but Garnerin saw the men approach, and guessing what had been their orders, immediately drew his sabre, threatened to run the first person through who should interrupt him, cut the cords which kept the balloon to the ground, and ascended with the utmost velocity.

In Robespierre's time, Garnerin was sent as commissioner to the army of the North, then commanded by General Ransouet. Taken prisoner in Flanders by the Duke of York's division, Garnerin was sent to Oudenarde. Thence the Austrians carried him to Hungary, where he was eventually exchanged. Whether or not

it was Garnerin who conducted the balloon reconnoitres before some of the battles between the republican troops and the Austrians, we do not know.

Meanwhile, Mr. Wise made a still more memorable ascent in July, 1835, from Lebanon, in Pennsylvania. He says: "At three o'clock I left the earth with a breeze from the north-west. In a few minutes, after a panoramic view of innumerable villages, with the broad dazzling sheet of water of the Susquehanna unfolding to the view, I crossed the Reading and Harrisburg turnpike at the first gate below the town; and although I started off with an ascending power that raised me more swiftly, there was the horizontal velocity of the wind. I was induced to part with a bag of sand of about six pounds weight, as a proffer to the toll-gate keeper, who very humorously hailed me to pay toll as I passed over his gate. This caused the balloon to rise with amazing rapidity, rushing up through the strong horizontal wind, which was blowing with a speed of at least thirty miles per hour, like a fiery charger dashing along in mettled pride, heeding no restraint. This soon brought me in contact with a thick hazy mist, which was entered and in a few moments passed. Above this was a clear sky and a brilliant sunshine; but it was now so cold that my hands became numbed, and a painful ear-ache seized me. The balloon was still ascending rapidly, and my next impulse was to discharge gas and to descend into a more congenial climate; but in this I was foiled, and up boomed the buoyant courser with unabated career. The cord with which the valve was worked was sufficiently strong to perform that office; but no allowance was made in its appropriation to unforeseen necessities. Having now got far above the mist, and not less than three miles above the earth, in a temperature of forty-three degrees, having been within twenty-five minutes transferred from a warmth of seventy-four degrees, which the thermometer indicated when I left the earth, the world below scarcely visible from the intervening discoloured structure of air, my ears buzzing like a beehive, which for a while I took to be a commotion of the gas in the balloon trying to escape through its tightly distended envelope, the valve-rope broken inside the machine, the aerial ship still bounding and gyrating upwards, I felt a degree of excitement which can be better imagined than described. Having no way to let off gas—even the lower orifice of the balloon containing the waste-pipe, which answers for a safety-valve when properly rigged, was doubled up between the concentrating hoop and the lower side of the balloon, which was now swollen to its utmost tension—I endeavoured to reach the lower part of the balloon with a knife; but, by straddling across with my feet in the open work of the basket, it could not be so reached. From the hissing noise of the gas, which was making its way through the small channels of the compressed neck of the balloon, I knew that something must give way soon.

I was apprehensive that it *might* be my last voyage." (Is it not strange that this should have been written after the death of M. Rozier?) "In another moment, a report like that of suddenly bursting an inflated bag, such as boys frequently amuse themselves with, informed us that the balloon had rent; and at the same time some of the cords—two of them—separated from the concentrating hoop; and that side of the balloon at which this took place as quickly bulged out, and immediately the atmosphere round the machine got filled with a whitish filmy vapour. This was a consequence of a mixture of warm hydrogen with cold atmosphere. Although the breaking of two cords next to each other, out of the twenty-four (which was the number in this machine), did not seem to endanger my situation much, but seemed rather to have relieved me to some extent from the very perilous position in which I had been a few moments previously, it still destroyed that mathematical strength existing in its complete state, which made me feel anxious to return to terra firma. I looked at my watch, and found the time to be five minutes past four. After the explosion of the lower part of the balloon, it commenced a tolerably rapid descent; and as the atmosphere had got considerably clearer than it had been when I started, I could more easily distinguish the face of the country beneath. On observation, I found the balloon was gradually descending on the village of Womelsdorf. Here I received a salute from a volley of musketry, by a company of volunteers who were celebrating the national republican birthday at that place. Although I had determined to let the balloon sink to the ground as soon as it possibly would from its own gravitation, occasioned by the loss of the gas through the rent—for I had no control of the valve—this salute of firing and shouting inspired me to rise again; and accordingly papers and ballast were thrown overboard, sufficient to send the machine up at least two miles high. No sooner was this height attained than it again commenced to descend very gradually, which brought me to the earth about four miles west of Reading. Here an incident occurred which was as amusing to me as it was terrifying to the individual who was a party thereto. Being likely to descend in a cluster of trees, I threw out some ballast to cross them; at the same time the grappling-hook took hold in a branch of one of the trees, which was broken off, and dragged along. At this moment I perceived a countryman mounting the top rail of a worm-fence about a hundred paces ahead of the balloon, to which point the wind was driving it. I hailed him to assist, for the balloon was floating the length of the grappling-rope above, and dragging the broken limb of the tree below. He looked in every direction but upwards, and in another moment the limb and grapnel came square up against the panel of fence upon which he was sitting, and threw it down, pitching the man head-foremost into the meadow

before him, from which he sprang terror-stricken—if fleetness of feet is any evidence of such feeling; for he was soon out of sight, leaving me to manage the best way I could, which was by being drawn up against a wood. Here I got the assistance of two women who had been working in a hay-field. Had it not been for these Amazonian ladies, I should inevitably have gotten into the wood, for a brisk gale was just passing over at the time."

One of the most notable balloon ascents ever made in England was that of Mr. Green's Great Nassau, that succeeded in reaching Germany after one of almost the longest aerial voyages that had then been made. The expedition was fitted out by Mr. Robert Holland, an enthusiast in aërostation. The object was to make a trip on a grand scale, and thoroughly to test the powers of one of the largest balloons that had yet been exhibited. The air-ship, built in the strongest manner, was sixty feet high, contained eighty-five thousand cubic feet of gas, and was calculated to support a weight of many hundred pounds. The wicker car was nine feet long and four broad. The car contained a windlass for raising and lowering the guide-rope, and the bottom of the car was cushioned, so that the aeronauts might have a sleeping-place, if necessary.

The ascent took place on the 7th of November, 1836. Very few persons were admitted inside Vauxhall Gardens; but outside thousands were crowded, eager to watch the soaring of the monster. Mr. Green had provided a fortnight's provisions, and a ton of ballast arranged in bags. All round the hoops were hung cloaks, carpet-bags, barometers, cordage, wine-jars, spirit flasks, barrels of wood and copper, speaking-trumpets, telescopes, and lamps. They also took to the upper regions a coffee-machine, the heat in which was evolved from slaking quicklime. The aeronauts also carried with them a letter of introduction to the King of Holland, and special passports for all parts of the Continent.

At half-past one the mooring ropes were let go, and the air-ship slowly drifted away to the south-east, across the hop-fields of Kent, over Bromley and Footscray. The day was cold and fine, and the few light clouds that there were served to point out the different currents at different altitudes. At forty-eight minutes past two they crossed the Medway, and an hour after they caught sight of the stately towers of Canterbury. Here Mr. Green dropped a parachute, with a letter for the mayor, who had been a patron of his. A few minutes after they came in sight of the sea, red with the setting sun; and as evening grew on the balloon descended so near the earth, that the navigators could carry on a flying conversation with persons over whom they passed. A covey of partridges fled at their approach, and a colony of rooks scattered before them in noisy dismay.

As night approached, dark and without moon, fires seemed to break out of the earth, massing here and there where there were villages, towns,

or cities—lurid fires, that at first seemed like prairies in flame, but gradually, as the balloon drew nearer, assumed positive forms, mapped out into square, and shot out into long lines of streets. In the dark night, rapidly losing sight of all landmarks, the *aéronauts* floated on, they knew not whither. Liège, with its blazing ironworks, seems to have been almost the only city they could recognise. Just outside this city, Mr. Green, in hauling in his guide-line, lest it should entangle itself with a factory chimney or a church steeple, dropped from the car his coffee-pot, and this was the only serious accident he met with in his whole journey. Having no longer use for the lime he had brought, he let the barrel fall, with a parachute attached to it. Hearing voices from some of the works outside Liège, Mr. Green lowered a Bengal light, and shouted to the people below in French and German through a speaking-trumpet, to their horror and confusion. Hearing a steam-engine below, Mr. Green raised the guide-rope again, and let fall some sand ballast among the alarmed crowd. The fiery globe then passed away into the outer darkness from the crowd's astonished gaze. It was now past midnight, and even the baying of the watch-dogs had ceased. The stars looked larger than on earth, and occasional flashes of lightning lit the sky to the north. The light at times lowered from the car seemed to melt its way through a sea of blackness. One of the voyagers describes the effect to be as if the balloon was cleaving its way through black marble, which slowly softened before its orb. Mr. Mason, in his inflated book, says the altitude of the barometric column would manifest a change of several thousand feet in the level of the balloon's course, while the guide-rope, continuing to trail upon the ground, would indicate an uniform distance from the surface of somewhat less than its own extreme dimensions. "Several times, under the influence of these changes, did we arrive so near the earth as to be enabled to distinguish, imperfectly, it is true, some of its most prominent features, and, as the intensity of the darkness yielded to our approach, obtain some faint idea of the nature of the country which lay beneath us. At these times we appeared to be traversing large tracts of country, partially covered with snow, diversified by forests, and intersected occasionally with rivers, of which the Meuse in the earlier part of the night, and the Rhine towards the conclusion, constituted, as we afterwards learned, the principal objects both of our admiration and of our conjectures."

At about half-past three in the morning, when the balloon was about twelve thousand feet from the earth, three sudden explosions and a great agitation of the car struck terror to the voyagers, who, however, soon discovered it was only the gores of silk expanding in a higher atmosphere. The cold was at this time intense, for the water and coffee were frozen. The *aéronauts* themselves, however, did not suffer, for the cold was not a damp cold. As day broke, the stars lost their intense brilliancy, and the

morning star alone retained its resplendence. Large flocks of fleecy clouds spread below. The rushing noise, as of the sea or of vast forests, which they had heard all night, ceased, and an irregular surface of dimly-lit cultivated country appeared, traversed by a vast river. The sun rose, lighting up a circle whose diameter was three hundred miles in length. Three times they rose to see the sun rise, and three times they descended again into the lower unlit darkness. Fearing now, by the vast track of snow, that they were approaching Poland, Mr. Green got ready the grapnel, drew in the guide-rope, and prepared to descend. Mr. Mason says:

"As the mists of the night began to clear away from the surface of the soil, we were delighted to perceive a country intersected with roads, dotted with villages, and enlivened with all the signs of an abundant and industrious population. The snowy covering, which so lately chilled us with its forbidding aspect, had now disappeared, except a few patches which still lingered in the crevices, or lay spread within the sheltered recesses of the numerous hills, by which the surrounding neighbourhood was particularly distinguished. On the summit of one of these an isolated edifice of considerable magnitude and venerable antiquity appeared."

The place selected for the descent was a grassy vale between two wooded hills. In every direction spread forests. The difficulty was to release the frozen sand from the bags. There was danger, for a wooded precipice was all but touching the balloon. When Mr. Green and his friend heaved out a solid frozen ballast-bag of fifty-six pounds weight, the balloon, clearing the mountain at a bound, rose a thousand feet into the air. The gas was then released, and the balloon descended close to the forest, the grapnel catching at the branches. Then Mr. Green pulled the valve full open, and descended just outside the wood, after a voyage of eighteen hours. They had descended near Weilburg, in Nassau.

These are a few of the more memorable balloon ascents. We have no room to give in detail Mr. Blanchard's or Mr. Cocking's death, and many other disastrous occurrences.

It must be confessed that the new science has as yet led but to small results. Even in 1785, Mr. Blanchard performed an aerial voyage from Lille of three hundred miles. Nearer our own time, Mr. Wise and others have traversed one thousand one hundred miles of air; but the danger of voyages in vessels that will obey no helm, and are exposed to storms more terrible than those of earth, still continues. Yet it would be unworthy any thoughtful man, who opposes finality, to deride the horrible future of a new and undeveloped idea. Even now balloons could be used to explore otherwise inaccessible mountains and seas; they could reconnoitre military positions, or drop lighted shells into besieged towns; they could carry ropes over wrecked vessels, or convey intelligence into beleaguered places; above all, they

are useful, and have been largely used by Mr. Glashier for recording changes of temperature at different elevations, the action of the barometer, the propagation of sound, and the laws of storms. The philosopher, a mile above the earth, is on a new platform, highly adapted for meteorological observations.

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

CHAPTER XI. CONCLUSION.

Two years later the village of Hazlehurst, near Hammerham, was full of excitement early on a bright October morning; and the not very musical bells of the little parish church were doing their best to inform the world, with their tinkling old voices, that a man and woman had then and there been joined together in holy wedlock. It was not a grand wedding, nor even a gay one; but the sun has seldom shone on a bride whose face reflected more quiet happiness and trusting love than did Mabel Earnshaw's, as she stood by Clement's side before the mild old clergyman (Dooley's friend), and repeated after him the solemn words that made her a wife. Yes; they were married. After the death of little Corda—long wept and always lovingly remembered—Clement and Mabel had spoken solemnly together of their future. The sympathy which had united them by the child's dying bed, had served to show them how entirely they were one in heart, and how strong was the affection that bound them together. In the passing away of that pure spirit, and the last links that tied it to earth, they had recognised the omnipotence of love, and had acknowledged that without it the world and all that it can give is but dust and ashes. Clement did not swerve from the plain duty that lay before him—the duty of providing a home for his mother and sister. And Mabel, on her part, had no thought of sacrificing those who were dependent on her exertions. "But," said Clement, "we can each work better and more cheerfully, my dearest, when we know that we belong to each other by a solemn engagement."

"Ah, Clement," Mabel made answer, "you are good, and strong, and wise. How much wiser and stronger than the undisciplined girl who once rejected your proffered love, from the promptings of a foolish pride!"

By which it may be seen that our heroine, in her progress, had learnt some good lessons.

They had made up their minds to wait for years—to wait until Clement's prospects were clear and unencumbered, but an unexpected circumstance had enabled them to marry sooner than they had dared to hope. Mr. McCulloch proposed to Penelope Charlewood. The old Scotchman had become a frequent visitor at De Montfort Villas, and had observed very shrewdly that the neatness, order, and economy which reigned there were mainly owing to Penny's thrift and energy. Mrs. Charlewood,

after Walter's departure—he sailed for Rio Janeiro with a letter for Stephens's brother in his pocket, and many solemn promises of amendment on his lips—sank into a state of almost childishness. Her health was good, and her body still active; but her memory deserted her almost entirely, and the only two things in which she took an interest were, first, a letter from her absent boy, and, secondly, the condition of the street-door lock, which she insisted on keeping oiled and cleaned with her own hands.

Mr. McCulloch, pleased and amused, in the first instance, by Penny's keen repartees and sharp sayings, gradually conceived a great respect and regard for the notable, self-sacrificing, brave woman who was the wise and successful ruler of a little territory, the absolute conditions of whose government were economy, industry, and forethought. How the idea of removing Penny's administrative talents to a wider and less hard-working sphere of action gradually entered into his head it boots not here to tell. But certain it is that he astonished everybody very greatly one fine day, by soberly and deliberately asking Penelope Charlewood to be his wife, and that she still more astonished everybody by accepting him!

"I have bargained that mamma shall always have a home with us, Clem," said Penelope, imparting the unexpected tidings to her brother, with an assumption of great coolness and unconcern, "and so you will be free to—to do as you like, and to find your own happiness, Clem, when I am no longer a millstone round your neck, my poor boy; and I hope, Clem dear, that you may be as happy as you deserve to be; and I would wish you a better wish if I knew how, but I don't know how. Dear, good, kind, brave, darling Clem!"

Here Penny's self-possession forsook her, and she clung, sobbing, round her brother's neck.

"My dear, dear sister," he said, embracing her, "I trust you do not consent to this marriage from any consideration such as you hint at. You are no millstone round my neck, Penny, nor have you ever been anything but my dear, helpful fellow-worker. After these years of loving and living together, I could not bear to resign you to any but a better care and protection than my own can be."

"Clem, I'm very, very fond of you; but whilst charring and plain sewing are open professions in the land, I shouldn't think of marrying a man I didn't care for, even to oblige you. No; the fact is, I have a great regard for Donald—who is, I need not tell you, a thoroughly good fellow, Clem—but I would not have left you to marry the best man that ever trod, if I had not plainly seen that—that there was one nearer and dearer ready to take my vacant place dear."

So it came to pass, that Penelope Charlewood became Mrs. Donald McCulloch, of the Hawthorns, Highgate. And it may here be stated that the marriage proved in all respects a happy and well-assorted one. If Mrs. McCulloch's nimble tongue occasionally outran the limits of

good humour and discretion in its fondness for sarcastic sayings, her husband merely smiled placidly, and patting her hand—gradually restored to something like its former plump whiteness,—observed quietly :

"Hoot, hoot, Penny, woman! We know better. You're the best-hearted creature betwixt the Land's End and John o' Groat's. Yer bark's a deal worse than yer bite, my lassie!"

Within six months after his marriage, Mr. McCulloch offered his brother-in-law a share in the business, and the style and title of the firm became thenceforward McCulloch and Charlewood. Clement was thus enabled to offer Mabel a home, not rich or elegant, but comfortable, and above the reach of want. Mrs. Saxelby was installed again in the old cottage at Hazlehurst, newly decorated, and somewhat enlarged, and was able to keep another servant besides the faithful Betty, who remained with her in the nominal capacity of parlour-maid, but who gradually assumed the position towards her mistress that a prime minister assumes towards a constitutional sovereign. Betty—who enjoyed the immense advantage of being responsible to no parliament—made the laws, and Mrs. Saxelby, with a good deal of pomp and circumstance, endorsed them. And as Mrs. Saxelby extremely disliked the trouble of active government, and Betty much enjoyed it, maid and mistress jogged on together in the most amicable fashion possible. Dooley, now grown strong, and arrived at that glorious stage in life's march when knickerbockers are a part of the daily costume, lived and thrived, and was already looking forward to the time when he should be entered at the Hammerham Grammar School, and become a great scholar, and get an exhibition and go to college. All which duly befel. And it has been whispered to me lately, that as soon as Julian Saxelby, Esq., is called to the bar, a marriage may be expected to take place between him and the bright-eyed, flaxen-haired Jeanie, only daughter of Donald McCulloch, Esq., of the Hawthorns, Highgate, and Penelope his wife.

Augusta was so much offended at her sister's marriage "to a tradesman," as she said with just indignation, and so piously shocked at Clement's engagement to a person who had not only performed on a public stage, but who (as Augusta had been able to ascertain on good authority) absolutely had devoted nearly the whole of the money so earned to her own family, instead of bringing it as a marriage-portion to her husband, which was a piece of cold-hearted iniquity altogether unforgivable, that she declined to hold any further communication with those degenerate scions of the house of Charlewood. Except—it is well to be just—in so far as sending them a large bundle, per book post, of her husband's sermons, printed, by subscription, on highly glazed cream-coloured paper, and intended for private circulation only. Geraldine O'Brien was abroad with Lady Popham at the time of Mabel's marriage, but she wrote the latter a warm-hearted letter, full of

good wishes, adding to them Lady Popham's kindest remembrances. "Godmamma is wonderfully well," she wrote, "and has, I think, quite got over the shock of the handsome Alfred's bad behaviour. She has found a new protégé—a Tyrolese who plays the guitar, and who fills our apartment here in Vienna with a kind of tinkling hum, like fifty thousand musical grasshoppers made of fine steel! I say nothing of the clouds he puffs from his meerschau, nor of the odours of garlic which hang around him perennially. However, he is a harmless creature, and strums away peacefully without hurting any one." At the close of the letter came a little postscript—"for Mabel alone." "You are a fortunate woman, and have got the best man in the world. Make much of him, and be very happy. The latter wish is not the less sincerely uttered that I was once a little—just the 'laste taste in loife,' as they say at Kilelare—in love with your husband. But he?—ah no; be quite easy. I *know* now, and I *suspected* then, that there was one little slip of a girl who stood between him and all other women. He loved you always, truly and faithfully. Be grateful to him, and think sometimes of your sincere friend, G. O'B."

Mr. Alaric Allen was dreadfully disgusted by Mabel's announcement that she intended to leave his theatre, and the stage altogether, at the close of her second London season.

"It is too bad," he said, confidentially, to some friends, "altogether too bad! A girl who had the ball at her foot, a girl who might have made the greatest reputation—ay, and the greatest fortune—of any actress since Fanny Kemble, to throw it all away in this manner! And she is not even making a good marriage, as I hear. Some trading fellow or other, whom she knew in her early youth at Hammerham. A wretched business. But that is the worst of women, as I often say. The cleverest of them—and this girl is very clever, in fact is, in certain things, an undoubted genius—but the very cleverest of them are *such* fools!"

Of the rest of the personages whose lives were more or less involved with Mabel's, or who had any influence on her career, there remains not much to say. Mr. Trescott, utterly lost and wretched after his child's death, became a confirmed drunkard, and sank lower and lower, until at length he was almost totally unfitted for the exercise of his profession, and became a pensioner on the bounty of a few persons, who were kind to him for little Corda's sake. Among these, Jerry Shaw was to be counted. The queer old man gave out of his poverty to the wretched drunkard, who came, with tearful eyes and quivering voice, to talk to him by the hour of his "lost angel." And many were the serious harangues with which Jerry favoured Lingo on the evils of drunkenness; harangues to which Lingo appeared to listen with an argumentative, unconvinced air, one eye blinking slyly, as who should say, "It's all very well; I let you go on for the present, but I mean to pose you by-and-by!"

Another shock awaited Mrs. Malachi Dawson in connexion with old Mr. Shaw, a personage, one would have said, unlikely enough to cross her path in any way. The aged relative, from whom the Reverend Malachi Dawson was to inherit considerable estates in Ireland, died in the fulness of time, and in his last will and testament there was a bequest of a modest annuity to his second cousin and former friend, Gerald O'Shaughnessy, "whom I believe to be still living," so ran the will, "and whose forgiveness I hereby beg for an injury I did him in our youth." And when inquiries were made for the said Gerald O'Shaughnessy, in order to carry out the last desire of the testator, behold, whom should he prove to be but old Jerry Shaw, the strolling player! He had run away from his home, when quite a lad, in a fit of despair and jealousy at the falsehood of his lady-love, whose affections had been beguiled from him by the second cousin, now deceased. He had joined a troop of wandering comedians under a feigned name, and had purposely concealed all trace of himself from his friends and family. Wounded feeling, at first, and a stubborn proud independence that belonged to his character, afterwards, had kept him aloof from all who had known him in former days. And by degrees his nearest relatives died off (his mother had died in his childhood), and he remained without kindred in the world, save his former rival, himself a widowed, childless old man. But, nevertheless, the shabby, hatchet-faced old actor known as Jerry Shaw, proved himself to be, beyond a doubt, Gerald O'Shaughnessy, third son of the late Patrick O'Shaughnessy, Esq., of Castle Belford, in Ireland. And consequently he was a relative of the deceased gentleman, and consequently—it was too dreadful, such people ought to be sent to the treadmill, Augusta declared—a distant kinsman of the Reverend Malachi Dawson himself! Jerry, however, showed no disposition to call cousins with any one. He received his yearly income quietly, and remained in obscurity as before. He did not even cease to perform in public, saying that he was used to the theatre now, and should miss it; but he departed from beneath Mr. Hutchins's roof, and removed to a neat lodging near to a suburban cemetery, wherein he caused to be erected an unpretending monument over a little grave, with a broken lily carved in marble for its only ornament.

Miss Fluke, after presiding impressively at the weddings of two or three of her younger sisters, began to grow discontented and uneasy at home, and finally—the departure from England of some friends of hers favouring the project—she resolved to emigrate to Australia. Thence she wrote immensely long letters home to all her friends, which letters were most frequently overweight, and necessitated the payment of double postage. The vast extent of that new land appeared to afford scope for the fullest development of Miss Fluke's remarkable energies. She visited several of the gold-diggings, and distri-

buted tracts to the heterogeneous population which was to be found there. One of her chief converts was a Chinese, about the hopefulness of whose spiritual condition Miss Fluke wrote quires of pious rapture. But, suddenly, all mention of this interesting individual ceased, and it afterwards appeared, on Miss Fluke's own solemn testimony, that her Celestial protégé had decamped one night, no one knew whither, bearing with him his instructress's gold watch, doubtless as a memento of her teaching. Mrs. Malachi Dawson was the fortunate recipient of a great deal of Miss Fluke's epistolary eloquence, but as the correspondence on her side was by no means kept up with similar vigour, it languished by degrees, and at last died a natural death. The last letter which Augusta received from her friend was chiefly remarkable for a novel and striking division of mankind into four classes. There had been a conflagration in some new settlement where Miss Fluke was temporarily residing, and in describing the efforts of the inhabitants to subdue the fire, she wrote: "I must bear witness to the very great zeal and energy displayed by our dear flock. Every one laboured with edifying eagerness. Men, women, children, and missionaries, all exerted themselves to the utmost."

At the latest accounts, Miss Fluke was Miss Fluke still.

Alfred Trescott had disappeared from London after his sister's death, and for a long time no clue to his whereabouts was discovered. But one autumn, five or six years after their marriage, when Clement and Mabel were staying for a while at a much-frequented German watering-place, they had a strange glimpse of him. It happened thus. The children—Doo-ley was now an uncle, and made one of the family party on their holiday tour, as did also Mrs. Saxelby—had been sent home to bed, and Clement and his wife were sauntering arm in arm together through the trim alleys, enjoying the twilight sweetness of the air, when a figure, coming from behind them, brushed close to Mabel, and flitted swiftly onward through the dusk. Mabel started violently, and clung to her husband's arm.

"What is the matter, love?" he asked; "what has alarmed you?"

"Dear Clement, that was Alfred Trescott who went by us just now! He or his ghost, I am certain of it."

"Probably himself in the flesh, then, Mabel. But how can you be sure? It is so dark, and you scarcely caught a glimpse of the man's face."

"No; but yet I am sure it was he. There was something in the gait, in the turn of the head, that I recognised instantly. He went towards the gaming-tables. Let us follow, Clement, and convince ourselves."

They entered the brilliantly lighted rooms, where around the green tables the same old crowd of faces, so well known, and so often described, were intent on their game. For a time they saw no one at all resembling Alfred,

but presently a long thin hand was thrust out from behind some one in the front rank, and laid down a trifling stake. Mabel silently pressed her husband's arm, admonishing him to watch, and in another moment they saw rise up over the shoulder of a smiling florid German burgher a face that seemed like one looming up out of those depths, the entrance to which bore the terrible inscription, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here!" It was a face almost perfect in the harmonious beauty of its outline, but covered with a death-like pallor, and so thin that the jaw and the cheek-bones were sharply defined beneath the skin. The large dark eyes glittered restlessly in their hollow sockets, and the straight black brows above them were permanently contracted, as though with ceaseless pain. It was a dreadful face—dreadful in its haggard youth, dreadful in the settled malignity of its expression. Mabel shuddered and shrank back; but Alfred did not see her, neither did the rest take any heed of him. They were all too much absorbed in the changes of the game to pay any attention to each other.

"Let us get away from this place," whispered Mabel; "I feel as though I could not breathe here."

They walked home together almost in silence. Mabel was trembling greatly, and the tears were in her eyes. Clement made inquiries of the people about the place whether they knew or had ever seen such a person as he described. Oh yes, they had seen him; knew him quite well. He was often there. Did not stay there always. They thought he went to other gambling-places when he left theirs. He was a desperate and inveterate gamester. Poor? Yes, he was poor. It was not exactly the way to grow rich to play as he played. He was an artist—a violinist. He sometimes boasted that he had been a great famous player once in England, but who could tell? He was quite young still, and great artists were not made in a day. Still it was certain that he could play well yet, when he chose. Sometimes, when he was absolutely penniless, he would obtain permission to play in the public room of some hotel, and he always got money. Once they had offered him an engagement in the local band. He accepted for a time, but he could not keep the situation. He was terribly fierce and wild sometimes, almost mad, they thought, and nothing could keep him from the green table. Every farthing that he could get went there. They supposed he would put a pistol to his head some day. Herr Gott! Such things had happened. Clement, returning to his wife

with this news, found her weeping and still greatly agitated.

"My dearest," he said, "do not let this distress you so much. It is sad, it is terrible. But, after all, I do not suppose that any one could have predicted a brighter ending to such a career as this wretched young man's."

"No, no, dear Clement, it is not that. But when I think of all that that sweet, loving little heart suffered, of how she clung to him, and hoped for him, and loved him to the last! Ah, Corda, poor, patient, gentle little Corda!"

He soothed her, and held her fondly in his arms, and by-and-by they sat calmly, looking out on to the silver moonlight edging the black masses of foliage beneath their window.

"Do you remember, Clement," said Mabel, leaning her head upon her husband's shoulder—"do you remember when that dear little one was dying, and held our hands clasped together in her own, how she prophesied that we should one day be married to each other, and should think of little Corda, and be glad to know that we had been kind to her, and that she—poor darling—had been very grateful?"

"Yes; and, my Mabel, she said another truth—that we should be happy, because we loved each other."

"I remember her very words. 'I think nothing is so happy as really loving,' she said; 'nothing is so happy as really loving.'"

END OF MABEL'S PROGRESS.

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